

LN

CHILLING TALES OF HORROR

JULY
No. 10

BEWARE

10¢

BEWARE



A WEIRD TALE OF TERROR AND
DEAD MEN UNDER THE SEA...

**"THE BELL
TOLLS DEATH"**



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

THE FARMER'S

Daughter

10¢

AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

Here's the newest sensation! The gayest and most tantalizing comic book on the stands. Sparkling with fun and frolic from cover to cover.

SHE'S TERRIFIC!

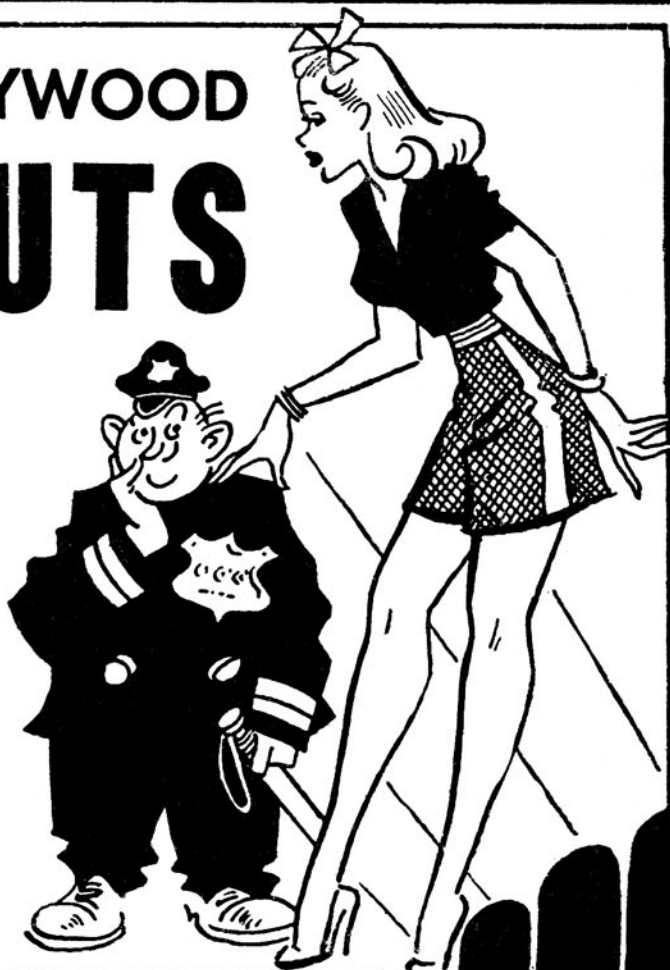
She'll steal your heart and amuse you from the first page on. Get a copy from your newsdealer and you'll agree that The FARMER'S DAUGHTER is a honey!



BROADWAY ★ HOLLYWOOD BLACKOUTS

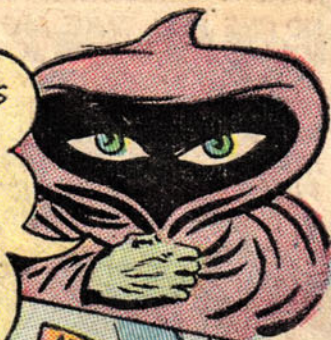
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Brand New! Just out! Wit and humor from Show Business that rolls 'em in the aisles all over the country. If you like to laugh, this book is for you. Giggles, guffaws and belly-laughs galore. Give yourself a real treat—ask your newsdealer for a copy of BLACKOUTS today.



HELLO, HERE I AM AGAIN—**THE NAMELESS ONE**—TO TELL YOU ANOTHER CHARMING TALE OF CHILLS AND TERROR. AN OLD LEGEND OF THE CARIBBEAN CONCERNS A PIRATE SHIP OF TWO CENTURIES AGO THAT WAS WRECKED ON A BARREN REEF. SAILORS SAY THAT THE CREW, WITH THEIR SHIP'S BELL, GUARD THEIR TREASURE IN A CORAL CAVE AND THAT ANY FOOLHARDY SOUL WHO VISITS THE PLACE IS DOOMED TO A HORRIBLE END BENEATH THE SEA. MANY CLAIM TO HAVE PASSED THE SPOT BUT THEY AVOID IT IN UNEARTHLY FEAR, BECAUSE ...

The BELL TOLLS DEATH!



BOB AND LINDA STONE LOVE THE SEA AND ARE SPENDING THEIR HONEYMOON ABOARD THEIR SLOOP, THE "GYPSY" FOR A CRUISE IN THE WEST INDIES ...

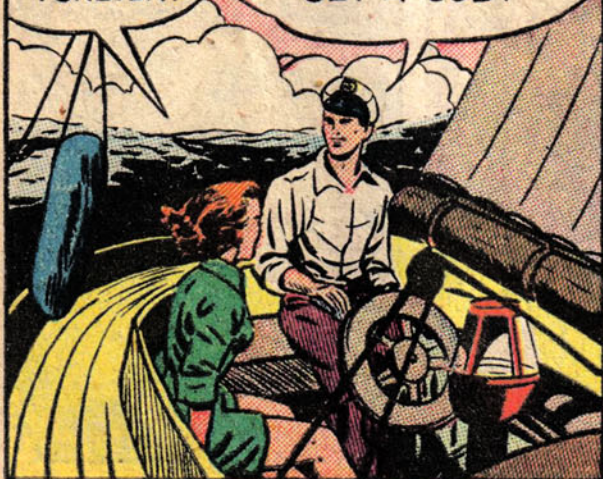
ONE DAY THEY PUT INTO A SMALL HARBOR FOR PROVISIONS AND BOB STOPS AT A BAR FOR A COOLING DRINK. A BEDRAGGLED BEACHCOMBER SPEAKS...

THE SEA IS LOVELY, BOB. I WISH WE COULD SAIL ON AND ON FOREVER.

YES, DARLING, BUT WE ARE RUNNING SHORT OF MONEY. PRETTY SOON, I'LL HAVE TO RETURN TO PORT AND GET A JOB.

HEY, MATEY—BUY AN OLD HAND A DRINK, WILL YOU?

WHY DON'T YOU GO BACK TO WORK? YOU LOOK LIKE AN ABLE-BODIED SEAMAN.



NO ONE WILL TAKE ME ON - BECAUSE I'M HAUNTED! MY LAST SHIP WAS WRECKED ON "PIRATE'S REEF" AND I WAS THE ONLY ONE TO ESCAPE. THE GHOSTS ARE AFTER ME. I SEE 'EM WHEN I SLEEP AND THEY TELL ME THEY'LL GET ME YET. PEOPLE CALL ME CRAZY, BUT I **KNOW!** I'VE SEEN THE DEAD PIRATES. I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS WHERE THEY ARE - ALL STANDING THERE UNDER THE SEA!



BRACE UP, FELLOW. COME ON BOARD THE "GYPSY" AND WE'LL GIVE YOU A GOOD MEAL.

THANKS, THANKS. I SURE DO NEED ONE, MISTER.



AFTER THE HUNGRY BUM HAS BEEN FED ...

TELL US MORE ABOUT THESE PIRATES YOU SAY YOU SAW.

YES, MA'AM. THEY'RE LINED UP RIGHT AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE WHERE THEY HAVE THEIR TREASURE ... GOLD AN' JEWELS LOOTED FROM THE SPANISH MAIN HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO!



YOU MEAN ALL THIS TREASURE IS STILL THERE?

YEP, AN' THEY AIN'T LETTIN' ANYBODY GET IT, EITHER!

BOB! IF WE ONLY COULD GET IT--WE COULD BUY A HOME OF OUR OWN BACK IN THE STATES!



THE BUM SLEEPS ON DECK THAT NIGHT AND IS A PREY TO ANOTHER TERRIFYING NIGHTMARE ...



GO AWAY-Y-Y!
LEAVE ME ALONE!!

WHEN MORNING DAWNS ...

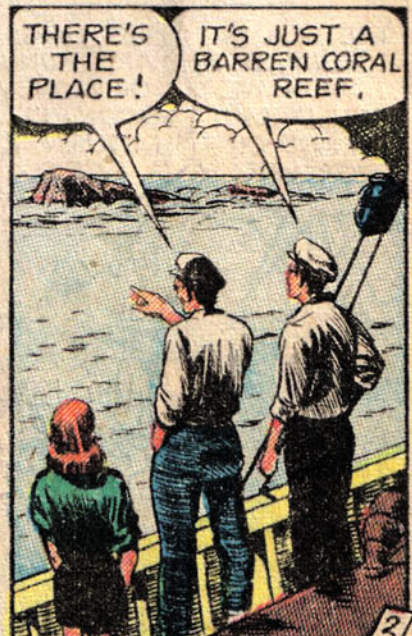
WE WANT YOU TO GUIDE US TO THIS "PIRATE'S REEF"

NO! NO!

WE'LL GET THE GOLD AND SHARE WITH YOU.



THEY FINALLY PERSUADE HIM, AND TWO DAYS LATER...



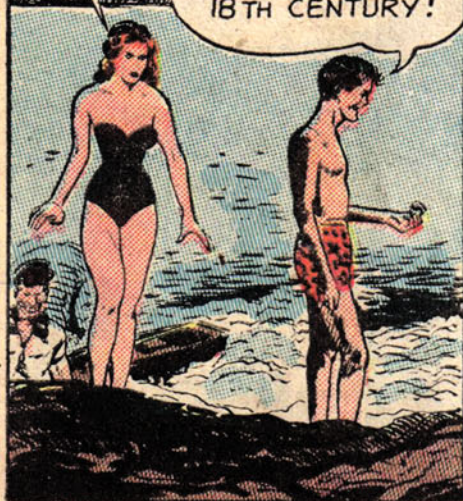
THERE'S THE PLACE!

IT'S JUST A BARREN CORAL REEF.

SOON THEY EXPLORE THE SPOT...

WHAT A
DESOLATE
PLACE!

THIS IS IT, ALL
RIGHT. LOOK WHAT
I FOUND - THIS
RUSTY OLD BUCKLE,
THE STYLE OF THE
18TH CENTURY!



THE CAVE IS RIGHT UNDER THIS
STEEP CLIFF. I THINK I ALREADY
HEAR THAT HORRIBLE BELL --
LET'S GO BACK!

NONSENSE.
I'M GOING TO
SEE WHAT'S
DOWN THERE.



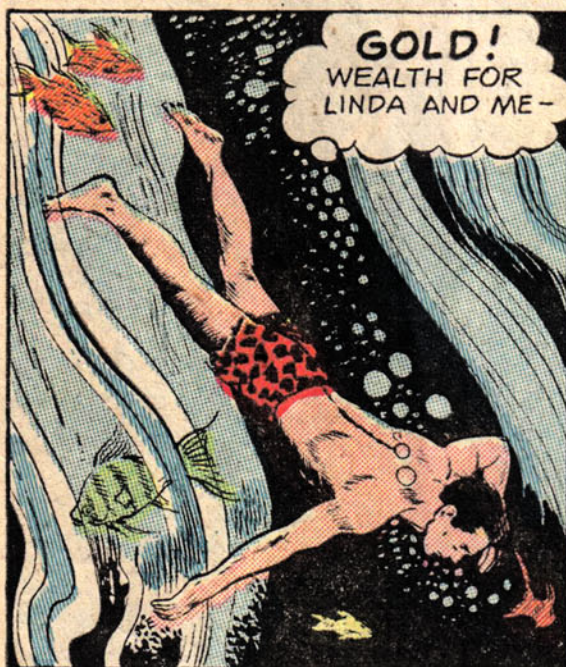
DON'T GO!
DON'T GO!

DEAD PIRATES
CAN'T HARM ME.
IF THEY HAVE
ANY TREASURE,
I'M GOING TO
GET IT.



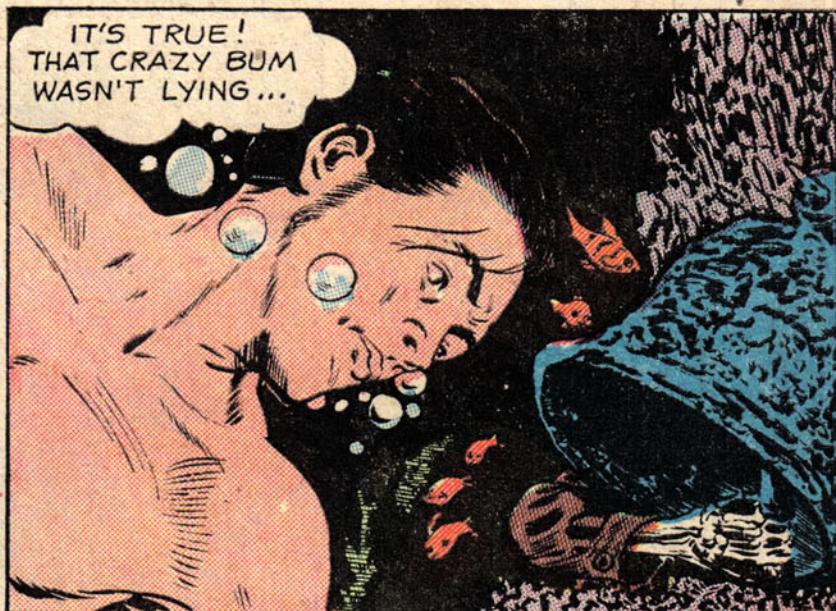
BOB DIVES INTO THE BLUE WATER...

GOLD!
WEALTH FOR
LINDA AND ME -



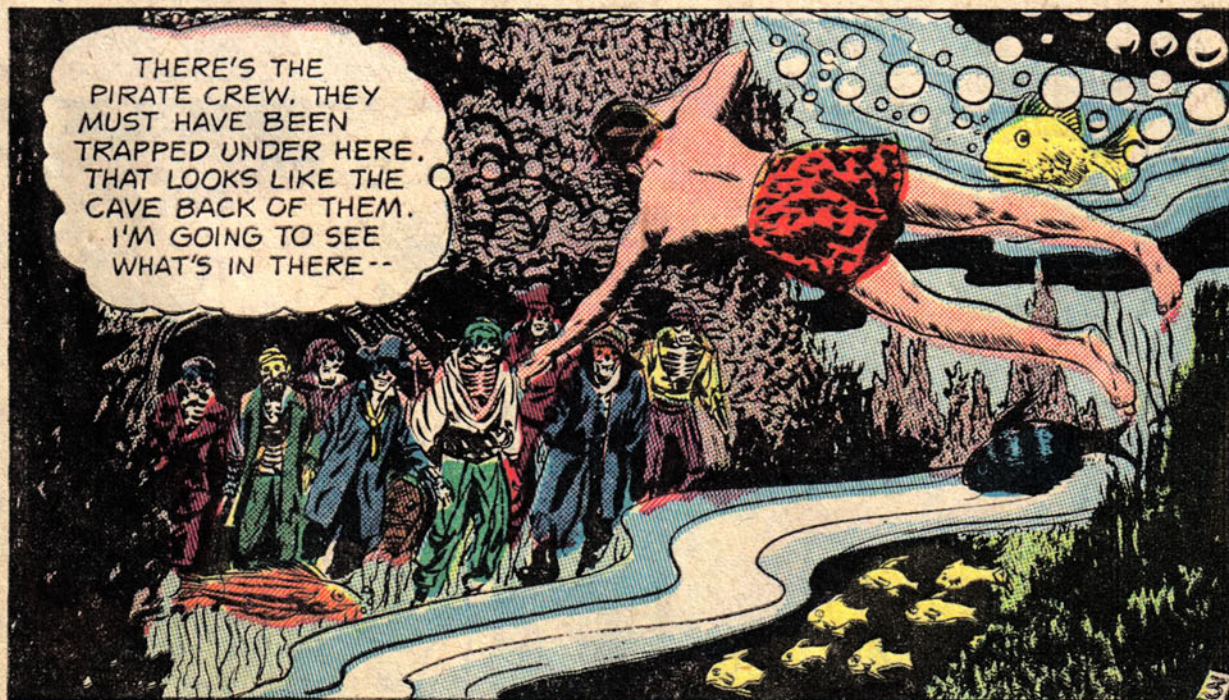
**BENEATH THE WAVES, BOB'S STARTLED EYES BEHOLD
A BONY ARM POISED TO RING AN ANCIENT SHIP'S
BELL HUNG ON A PROJECTING PIECE OF CORAL...**

IT'S TRUE!
THAT CRAZY BUM
WASN'T LYING...



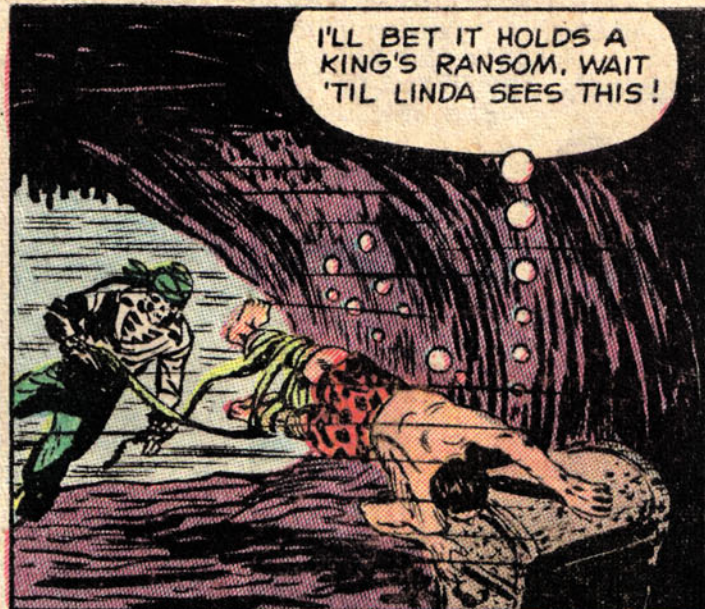
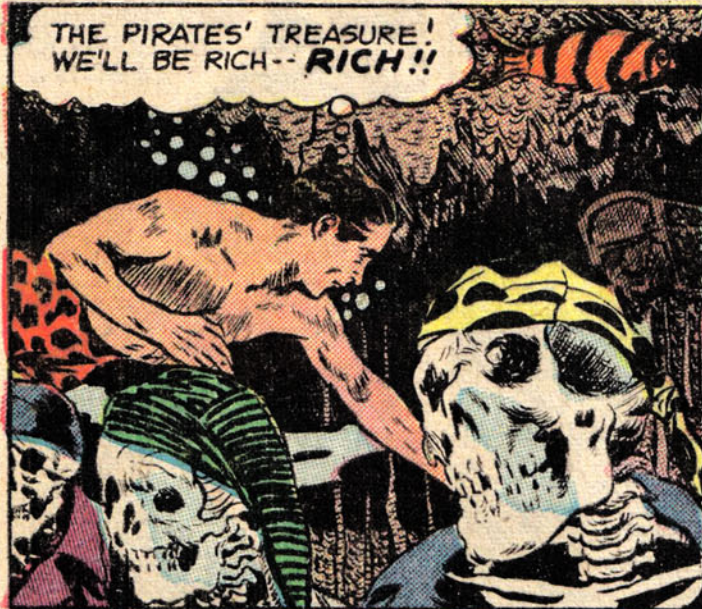
**JUST
BEYOND,
THE OLD
LEGEND
TAKES ON
REALITY
AS HE SEES
A WEIRD
ARRAY OF
GHOSTLY
FIGURES
OF A BY-
GONE DAY
SWAYING
WITH THE
MOVEMENT
OF THE
WATER...**

THERE'S THE
PIRATE CREW. THEY
MUST HAVE BEEN
TRAPPED UNDER HERE.
THAT LOOKS LIKE THE
CAVE BACK OF THEM.
I'M GOING TO SEE
WHAT'S IN THERE--



IN THE TRANSLUCENT LIGHT OF THE INNER CAVERN, BOB SIGHTS A TIME-WORN, ENCRUSTED OLD CHEST. HE IS FILLED WITH ELATION...

AS HE TRIES TO DISLodge THE CHEST, A BONY CREATURE SILENTLY WRAPS HIS LEGS WITH TOUGH SEAWEED...

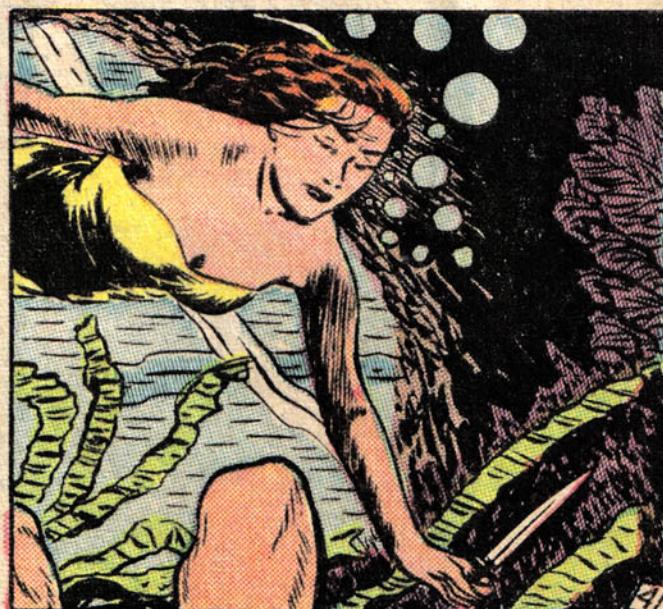


BOB BECOMES AWARE OF HIS BONDS AND FRANTICALLY TRIES TO FREE HIMSELF...



THE EERIE SKELETONS REACH OUT TO GRASP LINDA AS SHE SEES THE PLIGHT OF HER HUSBAND-

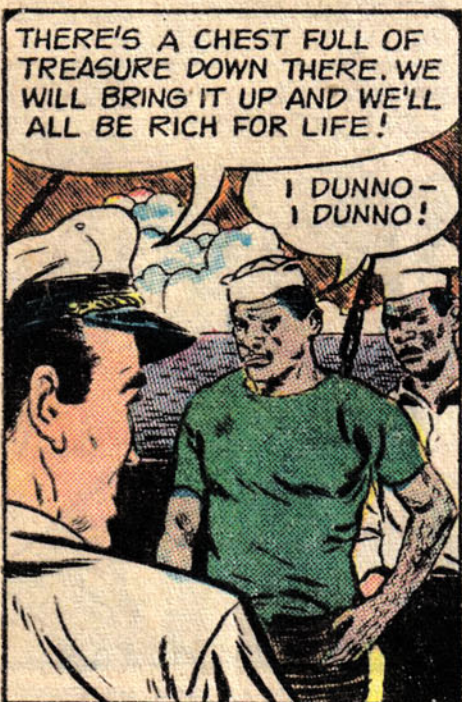
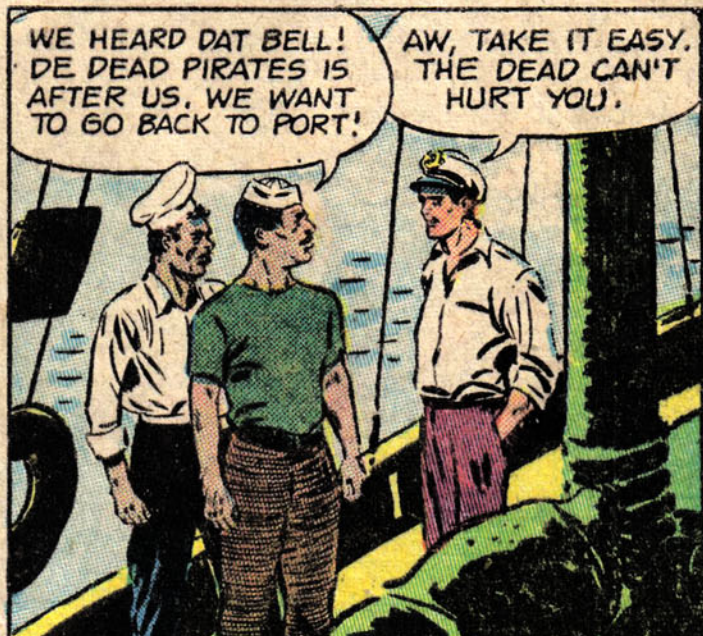
WITH THE KEEN BLADE, LINDA SEVERS THE STRANDS THAT THREATEN BOB WITH A GHASTLY UNDERWATER DEATH...



THE EXHAUSTED MAN IS HELPED TO THE SAFETY OF THE CRAG ABOVE ...



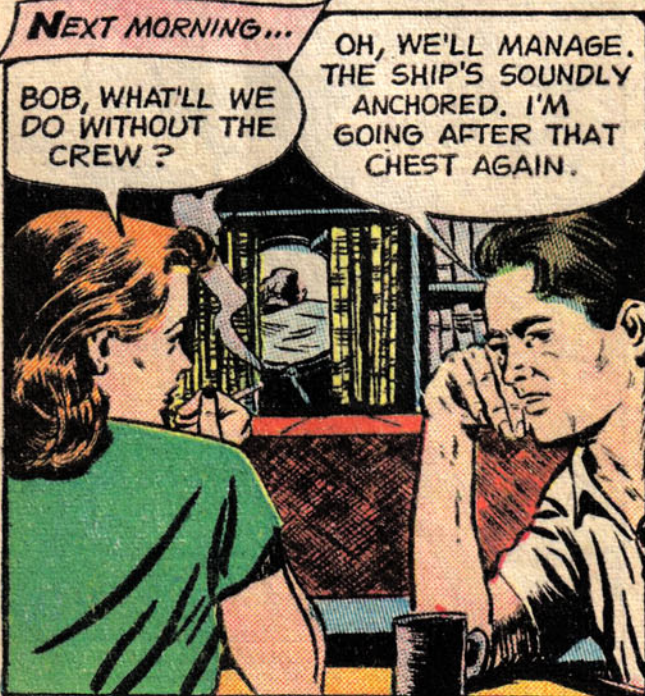
ON BOARD THE "GYPSY" THEY RUN INTO MORE PROBLEMS WITH THE HELMSMAN AND THE COOK...



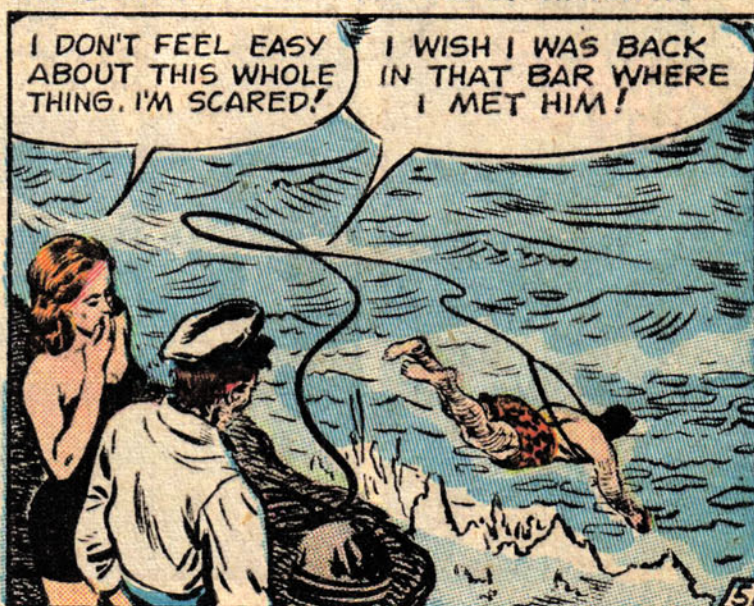
BUT, THAT NIGHT, THE HELMSMAN LISTENS IN PANIC AS THE "GYPSY'S" BELL SOUNDS WITH NO VISIBLE HAND NEAR IT...



FRIGHTENED INTO UNREASONING TERROR, THE HELMSMAN AND THE COOK LOWER A SMALL BOAT AND ABANDON THE VESSEL ...

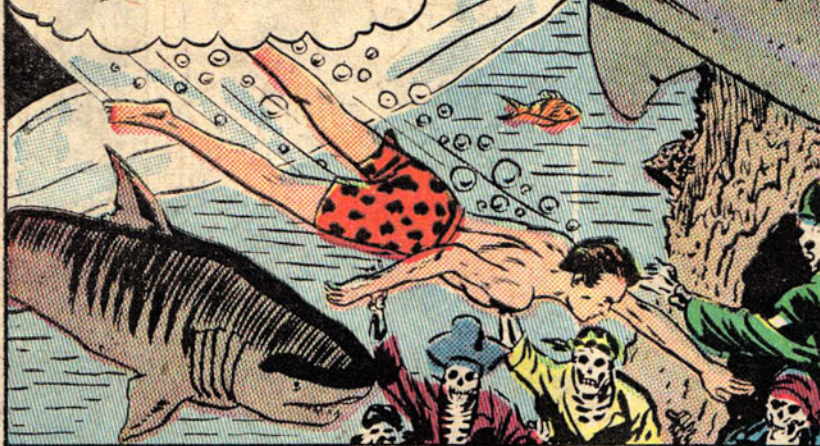


LATER, CARRYING A STOUT ROPE, BOB DIVES INTO THE OMINOUS DEPTHS AS LINDA AND THE BEACHCOMBER WORRIEDLY WATCH...



DOWN UNDER...

THOSE FIGURES SEEM TO BE REACHING FOR ME, BUT I CAN'T AFFORD TO GET PANICKY. A FORTUNE IS AT STAKE.



QUICKLY SWIMMING INTO THE INNER CAVERN, BOB ROPES THE CHEST AND TUGS THE LINE AS A SIGNAL FOR THE OTHERS TO PULL IT UP...

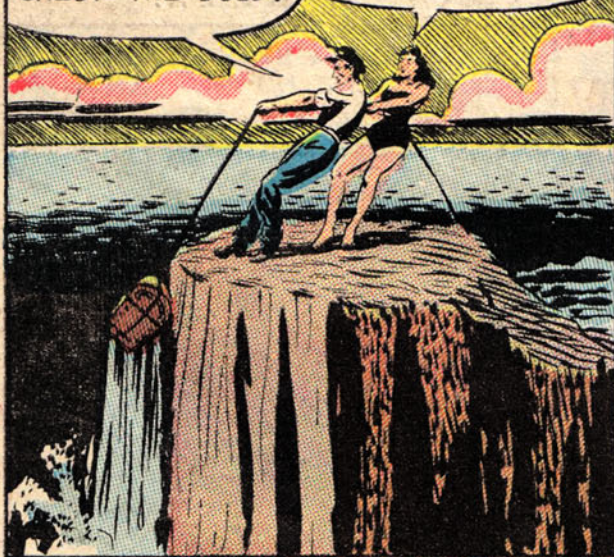
THAT'S DONE, NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE--



AS LINDA AND THE BUM HAUL UP THE CHEST...

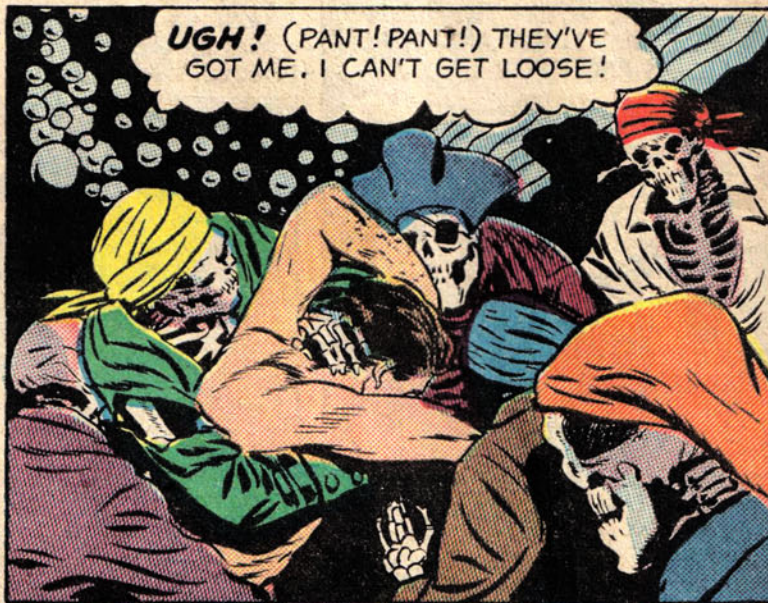
HERE IT COMES - IT'S THE TREASURE CHEST-THE GOLD!

IT'S TRUE! AND NOW IT'S ALL OURS!



BUT BELOW IN THE SHADY SILENCE OF THE WATERY TOMB, BOB IS HELD TIGHT IN THE HORRIBLE CLUTCHES OF THE DEAD, VENGEFUL OF THEIR LOSS...

UGH! (PANT! PANT!) THEY'VE GOT ME. I CAN'T GET LOOSE!



A SKELETON HAND TOLLS THE PIRATE'S BELL TO MARK ANOTHER VICTIM...

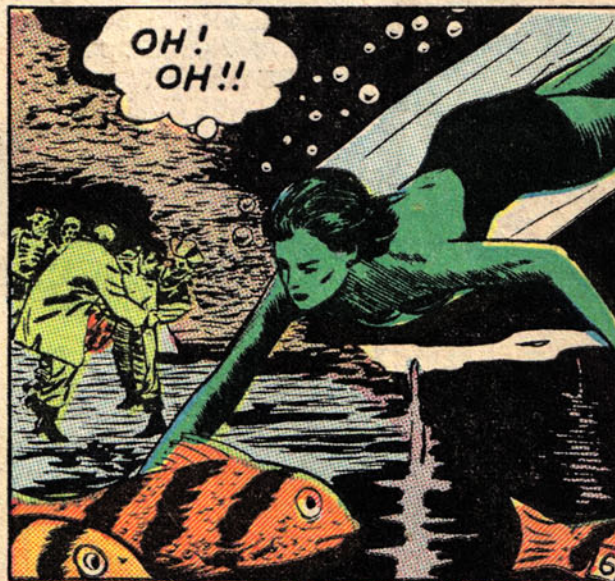
LISTEN TO THAT BELL!

IT'S LOUDER THAN EVER. SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO BOB... I'M GOING DOWN THERE!



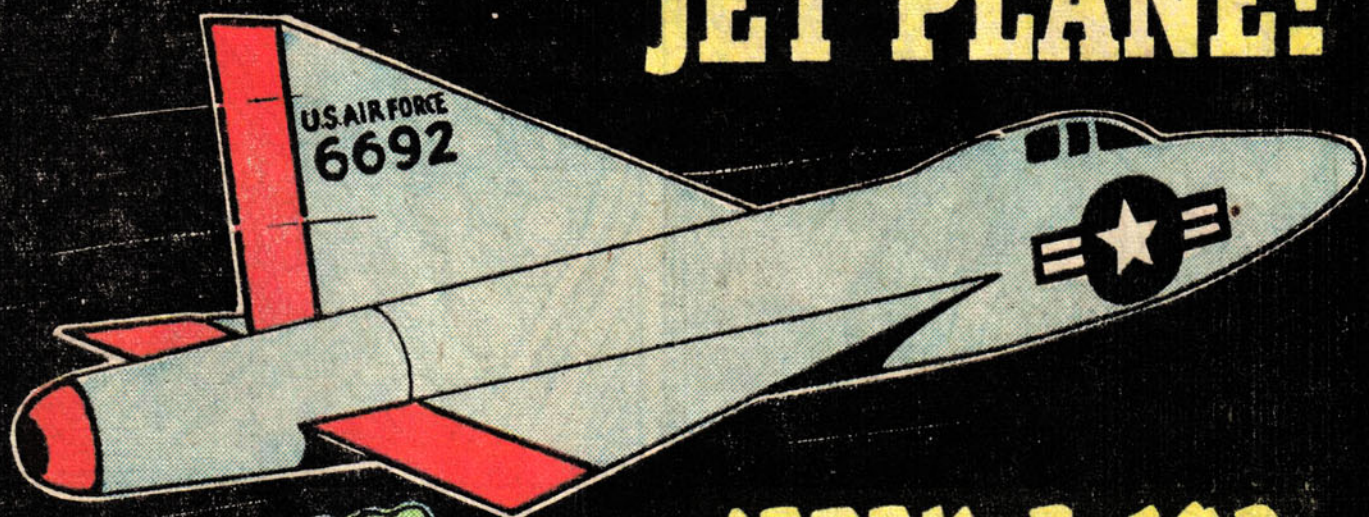
A QUICK DIVE BRINGS TO LINDA'S HORRIFIED EYES THE SIGHT OF HER HUSBAND'S LIMP FIGURE IN THE GRASP OF HIS GRISLY CAPTORS.

OH! OH!!



CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT...

NOW YOU CAN FLY A REAL JET PLANE!



JETEX F-102

SPECIAL OFFER

If bought in the store, the Jetex #50 engine alone would cost \$1.95; the Jetex F-102 \$9.95, a total cost of \$11.90.

Rush the coupon and you get both the Jetex F-102 and the Jetex #50 jet engine for only \$1.98 (plus postage and handling charges, C.O.D.)

\$1.98

Includes fuel supply.

GUARANTEED TO FLY!

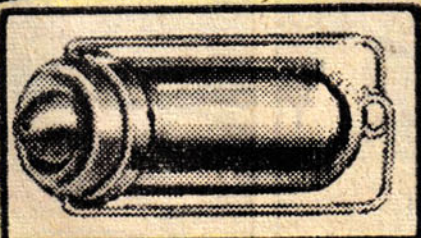
The Jetex F-102 is unconditionally guaranteed to fly if all instructions have been faithfully followed. If the Jetex F-102 does not fly, return the plane and the engine within 10 days for full refund.

FLASH!

As of this printing, the U.S. Air Force's F-102 does not have a name, because this supersonic airplane is brand new and still in the category of a military secret. The Jetex F-102 is the first model of its kind.

AMAZING JETEX #50 JET ENGINE

The world's smallest jet engine and the most powerful engine of its size ever sold! Operates at a jet exhaust speed of 800 miles per hour. Runs on solid fuel, starts every time, completely reliable. NO MOVING PARTS TO BREAK OR WEAR OUT. Can be used to power model airplanes, racing cars and boats.



JETEX F-102 HUNTINGTON, N. Y.

- Complete with Jet Engine
- Genuine Balsa Wood

You'll thrill and amaze your friends, be the envy of the neighborhood with this real JET airplane. It looks like a real jet, flies like one, even sounds like an actual jet plane. It will fly amazing distances at scale supersonic speed. The Jetex F-102 takes off under its own power, loops, circles, stunts and glides to a beautiful landing. As it flies, this beautiful model leaves a trail of white smoke just like a real jet.

The Jetex F-102 is a cinch to build. Comes complete with the famous Jetex #50 jet engine and all parts already cut out. Nothing more to buy! Just follow the easy instructions, glue the parts together and you're ready for thrills! This amazing jet airplane is made of GENUINE Balsa Wood throughout. Its special construction gives it terrific strength and durability and with ordinary care the Jetex F-102 will give hundreds of fun-filled flights.

It's fun to assemble, thrilling to fly. So don't delay—SEND NO MONEY—rush your order today to be sure of prompt delivery.

NOW THERE ARE MORE THAN
100,000 DELIGHTED JETEX USERS!

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

JETEX F-102 Dept. AJ-13 HUNTINGTON, N. Y.

Please rush the JETEX F-102 and JETEX #50 jet engine. I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus C.O.D. charges on arrival.

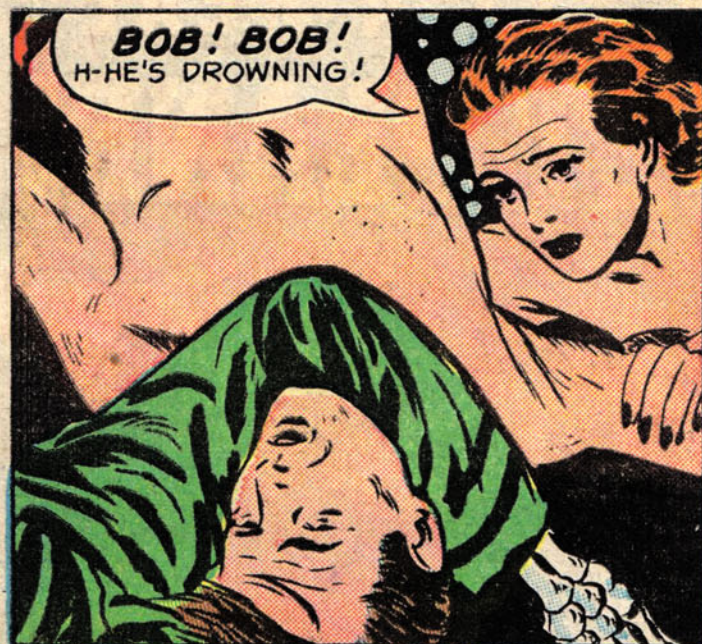
Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

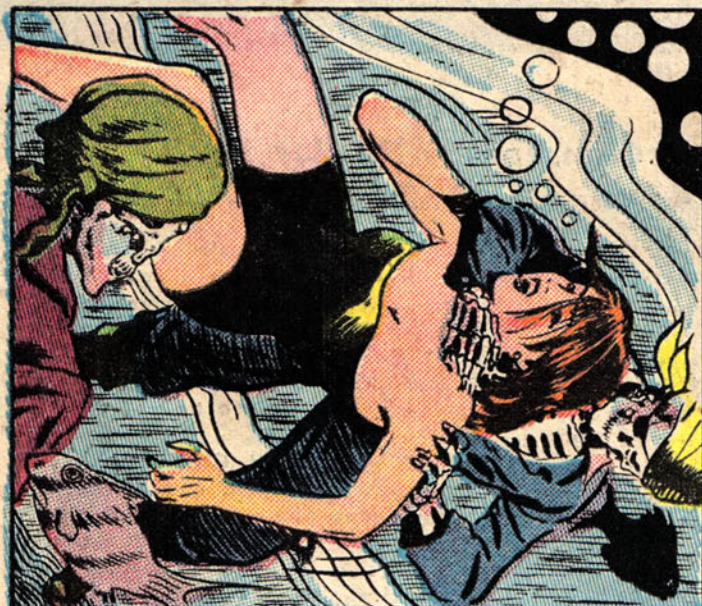
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ I enclose \$2.00 in cash, check or money order to save on C.O.D. charges. If the airplane does not fly, I may return it in 10 days for full refund of purchase price.

LINDA DESPERATELY TRIES TO FREE BOB FROM THE BONY EMBRACE BUT WITHOUT SUCCESS...



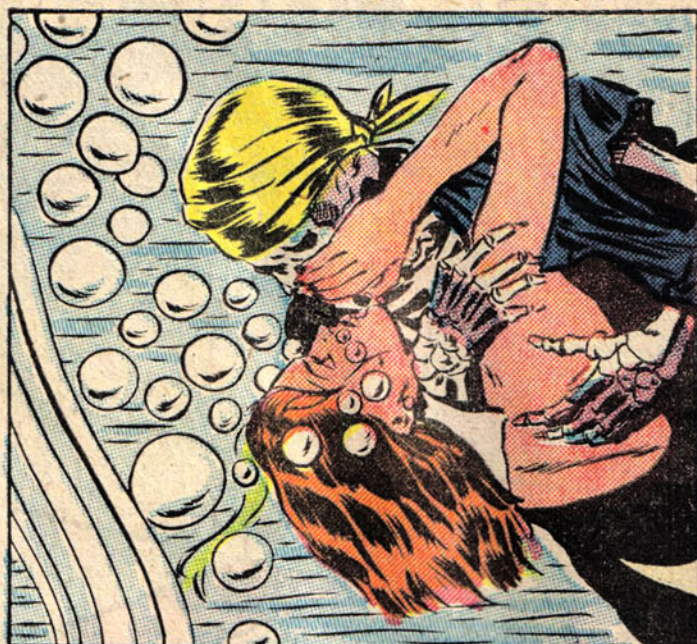
STRUGGLE AS SHE WILL, THE UNFORTUNATE GIRL CANNOT BREAK LOOSE FROM THE TIGHT CLUTCH OF THE VINDICTIVE DEAD ARMS...



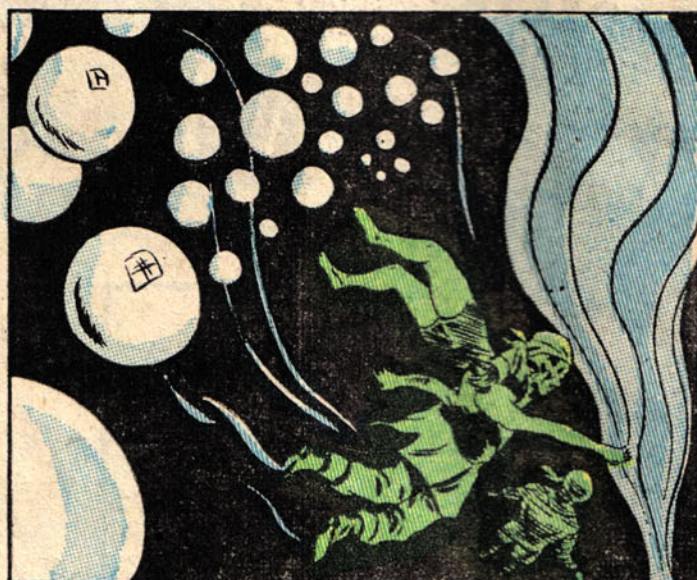
...AND THE OLD BELL TOLLS ITS MELANCHOLY SIGNAL OF ONE MORE TRIUMPH FOR THE GHOSTLY GUARDIANS OF THE REEF...



BEFORE LONG, THE SKELETON ARMS GET A DEATHLY GRASP ON LINDA HERSELF...



EXHAUSTED, SHE LETS OUT HER LAST BREATH OF PRECIOUS AIR AND IS IMPRISONED FAST WITH HER YOUNG HUSBAND BENEATH THE SILENT SEA AS ONCE AGAIN A HAND REACHES



AT THE WATER'S EDGE, UNSEEN HANDS UNTIE THE ROPE OF THE ROWBOAT AND IT DRIFTS AWAY...



AFTER UNEASY WAITING, THE BUM RUNS TO WHERE THE SMALL BOAT WAS MOORED AND FINDS HIMSELF MAROONED ON THE BARREN REEF...



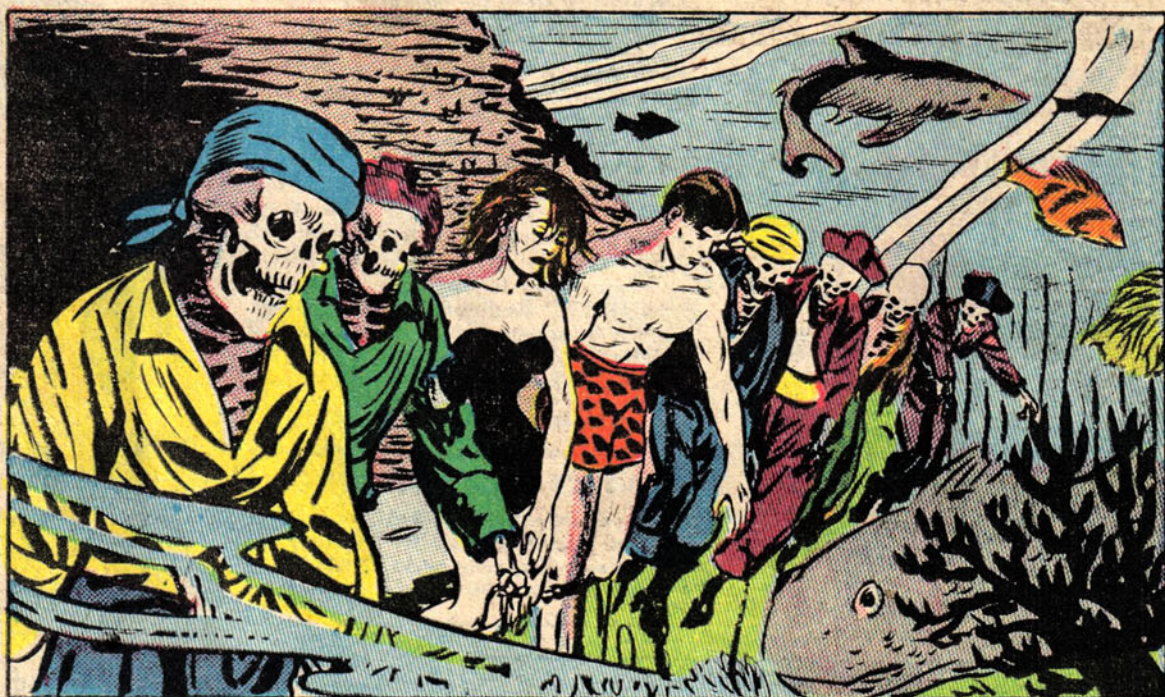
BENEATH THE WATERS, GHOSTLY HANDS TAKE HOLD OF THE ANCHOR CHAIN OF THE "GYPSY" LIKE A MACABRE TEAM IN A SILENT TUG-OF-WAR ...

AND, WHEN THE MOON RISES INTO THE TROPIC NIGHT, THE VESSEL SLOWLY SETTLES BELOW THE WAVES, SOON TO DISAPPEAR FROM SIGHT FOREVER ...

AVAST, THERE, MY HEARTIES,
ALL TOGETHER, NOW-

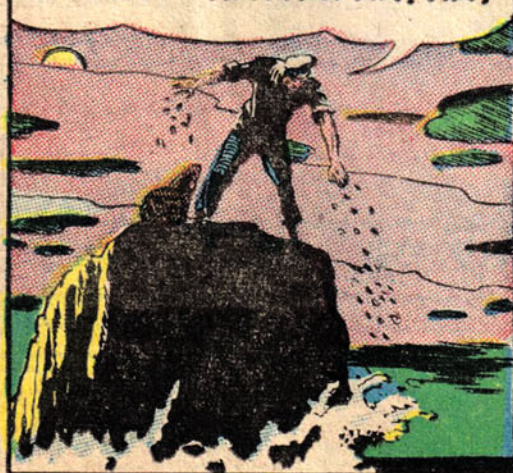


AND — IN THE DIM CRAGS OF CORAL BENEATH THE SEA, TWO NEW FIGURES JOIN THE GHOSTLY LINE AND SWAY WITH THE EDDYING TIDE, WAITING FOR ANOTHER ADVENTURER TO COME ALONG AND MATCH WITS WITH THE RESTLESS DEAD ...



WHILE ABOVE, THE BUM, CRAZED BY THIRST AND FEAR, TOSSES THE TREASURE BACK INTO THE SEA ...

GOLD - CURSED GOLD! GO BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM! I'M MAD -- MAD! SOON I'LL BE DEAD TOO! HA! HA! HA! HA!



BUT THERE WERE THOSE TWO WHO ABANDONED THE "GYPSY" - REMEMBER? WELL, DON'T THINK THEY'LL GET AWAY. THE DEAD PIRATES HAVE THAT ONE ALL FIGURED OUT TOO. THEIR BOAT HAS BEEN PULLED OFF COURSE AND IS ADRIFT ON THE LIMITLESS OCEAN. SOON THEY, TOO, WILL GO MAD AND JUMP OVERBOARD ... AND NEARBY THE SHARKS ARE WAITING - WAITING...



THE TREASURE IS STILL THERE, FOLKS, AND IF YOU THINK YOU CAN OUTWIT THAT OLD GANG OF FREE-BOOTERS UNDER THE OCEAN, COME UP AND SEE YOUR LITTLE PAL THE **NAMELESS ONE**, SOMETIME. MAYBE I'LL TELL YOU WHERE THAT CORAL REEF IS -- BUT -- HAVE YOU GOT ENOUGH NERVE?

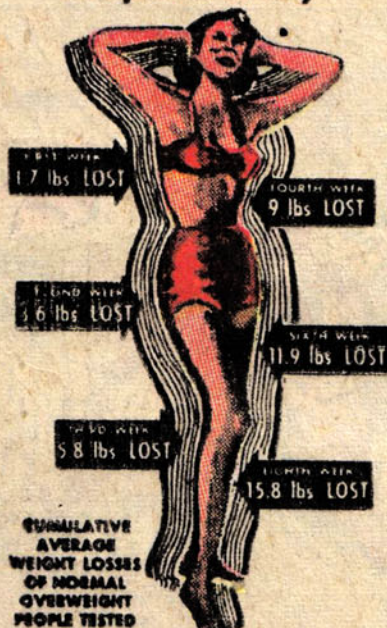


New Reducing "Miracle"

"DROPEX" REDUCING COCKTAIL

Proved by Doctors to Reduce Weight
9 lbs. in 4 weeks...15 lbs. in 2 months!
No drugs . . . No pills . . . No diets

Clinical Tests Prove
"DROPEX" Reducing Cocktail
Drops Fat Away



If you want to lose 9 to 15 pounds, here's the easiest way to do it. Don't go on a special diet—just add a dropperful of the new "DROPEX" Reducing Cocktail to your favorite drink before each meal to lose 2 lbs. each week.

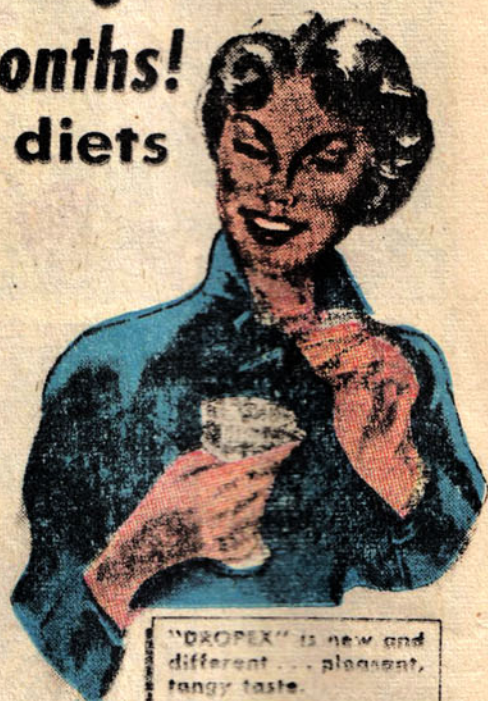
"DROPEX" Reducing Cocktail has been proven by doctors who tested it on a group of normal overweight men and women. The doctors' tests showed a safe steady reduction of weight every week with "DROPEX" Reducing Cocktail. In 4 weeks the average person lost 9 lbs. In 2 months 15½ lbs. of fat were lost. Every one lost weight with "DROPEX".

If you want to lose 9 to 15 lbs., get "DROPEX" Reducing Cocktail today. We Guarantee your money back if "DROPEX" does not reduce your weight without any special diets.

Absolutely Harmless!

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you want to lose 9 to 15 lbs. We guarantee your money back if "DROPEX" does not reduce your weight **WITHOUT ANY SPECIAL DIETS!**



"DROPEX" is new and different . . . pleasant, tangy taste.

"DROPEX" is pleasant. Add it to your favorite drink or plain water

Entirely different from anything you have ever tried! Stop crying the overweight blues. Start today on the new safe simple "DROPEX" way to lose pounds of ugly fat. Simply add "DROPEX" as directed to fruit or vegetable juice, soft drinks, alcoholic beverages or plain water. The new "DROPEX" is easy, simple, an effective way to lose weight.

ENTIRELY DIFFERENT FROM ANYTHING YOU HAVE EVER TRIED!

Illustration of a man's face and a bottle of DropeX.

In clinical tests on both men and women, **EVERY** overweight person reduced with

"DROPEX"
Reducing Cocktail **298**

Copyright 1948, Dine, Inc.

Add "DROPEX" to fruit or vegetable juice, soft drinks, alcoholic beverages or plain water.

In Doctor-Checked Tests

"DROPEX" REDUCED EVERY OVERWEIGHT PERSON!
—Without Dieting, Without Exercises

"DROPEX" Reducing Cocktail was carefully tested on a group of overweight men and women. The results from taking "DROPEX" delighted the doctors supervising the tests, as well as the overweight men and women. Many of the people who took "DROPEX" had used other products without success, but every one lost weight with "DROPEX". The average weight loss was 2 pounds a week over an eight week period.

All the overweight persons did was to add a dropperful of "DROPEX" to their favorite drink before each meal. No diets or special eating plans were used. The doctors gave sole credit for the easy steady loss of excess weight to the use of "DROPEX".

"DROPEX" Reducing Cocktail is sold on an iron-clad guarantee. You must be pleased, or you get your money back. You have nothing to lose but fat—so easily, so safely, so pleasantly.

CHARM COMPANY, Dept. AG-5
400 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me _____ bottles of DROPEX REDUCING COCKTAIL, at \$2.98.

- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman plus postal charges.
- ☐ I enclose payment. You pay postage.
- ☐ Send 3 bottles for \$6.00 (1 free when you buy 2)

Name _____

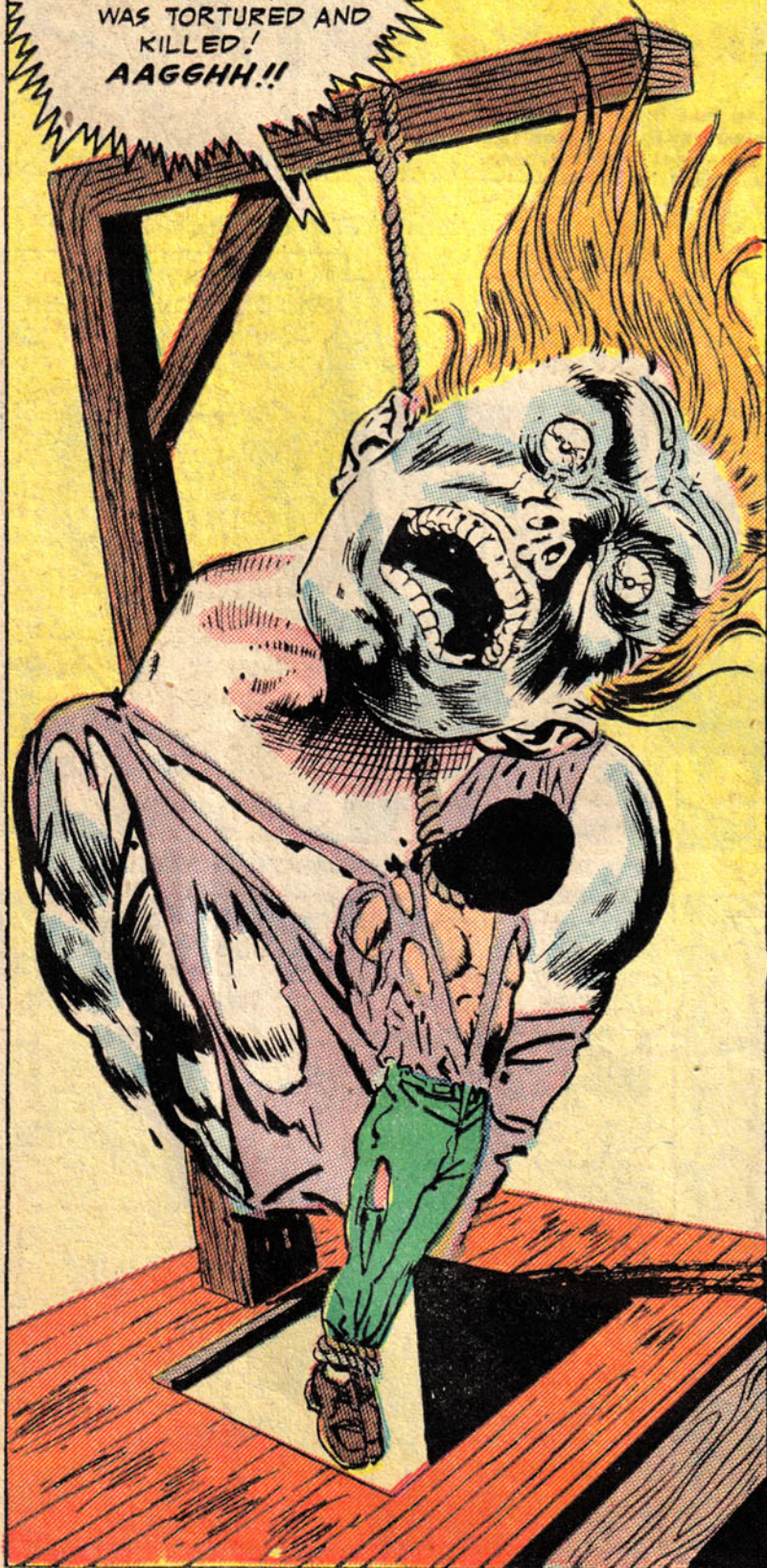
Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Never execute, never kill, **NEVER** hang an innocent man! For that man's spirit will not rest in his dead body! Instead of lying quietly in a deep grave, the restless soul may roam the earth---seeking a horrible revenge! The vengeful dead drag the living down to doom! Look! Look over your shoulder---**NOW**---just behind you may be the---

MAN *with the* BROKEN NECK!

I WAS INNOCENT---
AND NOW I'M DEAD!
BUT OTHERS WILL
SUFFER-- JUST AS I
WAS TORTURED AND
KILLED!
AAGGHH!!



IN A CITY COURTROOM, A MAN FOUND GUILTY OF MURDER RAGES WITH HATE AS HE LISTENS TO THE VERDICT OF THE COURT---

...AND I
SENTENCE YOU TO
BE HANGED BY THE
NECK UNTIL YOU
ARE DEAD!

YOU CAN'T DO
IT! I WON'T DIE!
I REFUSE TO
DIE! **I'M
INNOCENT!**



IN THE DEATH CELL, AS THE DAY OF EXECUTION DRAWS NEAR---

I WON'T DIE! I
WON'T STAY DEAD---
IF YOU DO KILL ME!
THE GUILTY SHOULD
DIE!

HE'S GONE
MAD WITH
HATE! GIVES
ME THE
HORRORS!



AND ON THE NIGHT OF THE EXECUTION, IN A MID-TOWN HOTEL---

HA-HA! WE KILLED THAT BANK CASHIER AND BARSTOW GETS HANGED FOR IT!
HA-HA!

JACK, DON'T LAUGH! THESE LAST DAYS--I'M GETTING NERVOUS!

LOOK! BARSTOW SAYS HE'S INNOCENT AND THAT HE'LL KILL THE REALLY GUILTY ONES IF HE HAS TO COME OUT OF THE GRAVE TO DO IT! IT'S--IT'S SPOOKY!

WE GOT THE BANK'S DOUGH---AND WE FRAMED BARSTOW! CHEER UP, YOU FOOL--THE DEAD CAN'T WALK!

I'M AFRAID --- MAYBE THE DEAD DO...

THE CLOCK STRIKES ELEVEN! THE MINUTE OF DOOM IS HERE ---

WHAT WAS THAT? I THOUGHT I HEARD A STEP!

BARSTOW'S ABOUT TO DIE! YOU MAKE ME JUMPY---LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

AT THE PRISON CELL, BARSTOW FIGHTS AGAINST HIS FATE!

---WAS A BANK CASHIER, KILLED A CLERK DURING A HOLD-UP---

I WON'T DIE! YOU CAN HANG ME-- BUT I REFUSE TO DIE!

TO THE VERY STEPS OF DEATH, BARSTOW FIGHTS HIS DOOM---

HE GIVES ME THE CREEPS! I HOPE THIS HANGING IS OVER-- BUT FAST!

KILL ME--THEN YOU'LL SEE! YOU'LL SEE -- AFTER I'M DEAD!

JUD BARSTOW WALKS THE THIRTEEN STEPS TO THE SCAFFOLD'S TOP--THE BLACK CAP IS SLIPPED OVER HIS HEAD--HIS FEET AND ARMS ARE BOUND---

I'LL HAVE NO MERCY!
I'LL KILL! KILL--



HIS NECK'S BROKEN---
MUST BE DEAD! BUT
LET'S WAIT A MINUTE
AND BE SURE BEFORE
I EXAMINE HIM---



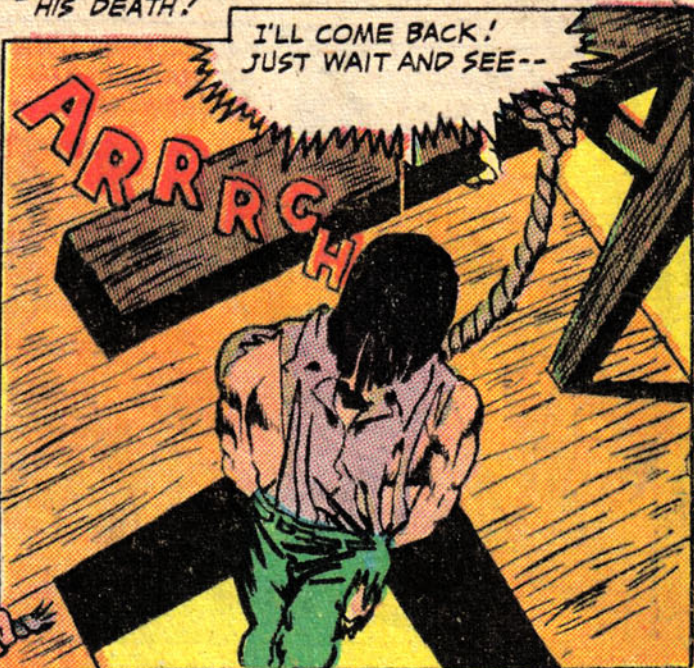
WHAT DREAD THING IS THIS---?

I KNOW THE
GUILTY ONES!
THE GUILTY
ONES---



THE TRAP IS SPRUNG! BARSTOW PLUNGES TO HIS DEATH!

I'LL COME BACK!
JUST WAIT AND SEE--



BUT FROM THE DEAD MAN--AN EVIL CLOUD
SEEMS TO SWIRL AND TAKE SHAPE---

DID YOU SEE
THAT? DO YOU?

IT CAN'T BE!
MY EYES---



BACK AT THE HOTEL---

AND I'M PHONING
FOR A PLANE!

I'M LEAVING
THIS PLACE
RIGHT NOW!



DOWNSTAIRS, IN THE SAME HOTEL THAT HOUSES THE FUGITIVES---

DID YOU SEE THAT MAN? SO PALE AND STRAINED---

HE WALKED LIKE HE HAD---A---BROKEN NECK---

THROUGH THE DOOR COMES--THE MAN WITH THE BROKEN NECK!

YOUR NECK IS FIRM AND WHITE--MINE IS SNAPPED AND RED---

AAIIGGHH!!
DON'T TOUCH ME! DON'T---

THE REVENGE OF THE INNOCENT DEAD!

DIE AS I DIED!

SNAP

AND NOW THERE ARE TWO MEN WITH BROKEN NECKS!

AND NOW I'LL HELP YOU GET YOUR COMPLETE REVENGE!

THE GUILTY CANNOT LIVE-- I WANT MY HANDS AROUND HIS THROAT---

DO YOU SEE?

THE GUILTY CANNOT HIDE---

THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE CITY--THEY FLOAT QUICKLY--SPREADING TERROR---



THEY DON'T WALK--
THEY GLIDE!

AND THEY BOTH
SEEM TO HAVE BROKEN
NECKS! THEIR
TONGUE---



I KNOW WHERE
HE IS-- THE
GUILTY ONE!

SO DO I--LET'S
GET HIM TO JOIN
US! "JOIN US"--
HA-HA!

IN A NEARBY CAFE---



I KEEP HEARING
FOOTSTEPS...I KEEP
SEEING THINGS...

THAT GUY MUST
BE CRAZY!
MUMBLING--

THE NEWLY-DEAD SEEK THEIR PREY---



EEEEEEEE!

THOSE
TWO MEN
SCARED HER!
LOOK AT
THEM!

THE DEAD REACH FOR THE LIVING---



THEY WALK--
LIKE DEAD MEN
WITH BROKEN
NECKS!

WHA--??
WHAT'S
THAT?!



NO--NO!
IT CAN'T BE!

WE NEED YOU--WE NEED
YOUR SMOOTH NECK--YOUR
FIRM NECK---YOUR
LIVING NECK!

BEFORE ANYONE CAN MOVE---A LIVING MAN IS STRANGLERED!



NOW YOUR NECK IS JUST LIKE OURS! COME WITH US---

AND THREE MEN WITH BROKEN NECKS FLOAT AND GLIDE SILENTLY AWAY---



NOW THERE ARE THREE OF THEM!

GET OUT OF THEIR WAY! OOOHH!

BACK AT THE PRISON YARD, AT THE SCENE OF THE LEGAL HANGING---



HE'S BEEN DEAD EXACTLY TWO MINUTES. HAUL HIM DOWN--I'LL EXAMINE THE CORPSE---

AIEEEE! LOOK!

THERE ARE THREE DEAD MEN--WHERE ONLY ONE SHOULD BE!



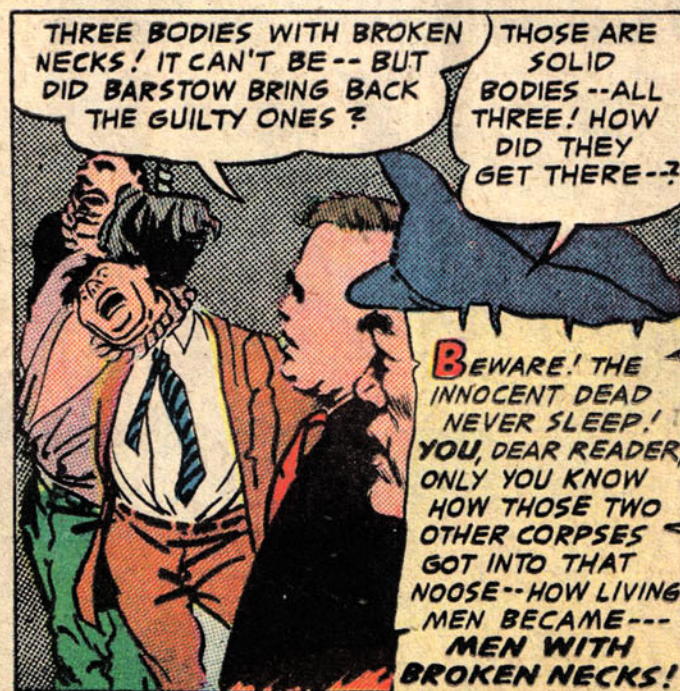
WE WANT OUR HEADS INSIDE THE NOOSE!



HANG! HANG WITH ME IN MY DEATH-NOOSE!

MY EYES! I'M SEEING THINGS---

THREE CORPSES DANGLE IN MID-AIR---



THREE BODIES WITH BROKEN NECKS! IT CAN'T BE-- BUT DID BARSTOW BRING BACK THE GUILTY ONES?

THOSE ARE SOLID BODIES--ALL THREE! HOW DID THEY GET THERE--?

BEWARE! THE INNOCENT DEAD NEVER SLEEP! YOU, DEAR READER, ONLY YOU KNOW HOW THOSE TWO OTHER CORPSES GOT INTO THAT NOOSE--HOW LIVING MEN BECAME---
MEN WITH BROKEN NECKS!

The THING in the FENS

BY JAY DISBROW

AND THUS
YOU DIE FOR
YOUR SACRI-
LEGE!

WHAT WAS THE
AWFUL THING WHICH
SCREAMED AND
HOWLED IN THE
BLACK VISTAS OF
THE DEEP BAYOUS?
HENRY BAXTER
LEARNED THE
HORRIBLE TRUTH,
BUT THE DIS-
COVERY NEAR-
LY COST
HIM HIS
LIFE!

NO! NO!
TAKE YOUR
HANDS FROM ME!
YOU'RE DEAD!
YOU'RE DEAD!

THIS RAMBLING OLD EDIFICE
IN THE REMOTE SWAMPS OF
SOUTHERN GEORGIA WAS THE
TEMPORARY LABORATORY
OF PROFESSOR HENRY BAXTER,
A BRILLIANT BIO-CHEMIST---

BESIDE THE CRUMBLING OLD
MANSION WAS AN ABAN-
DONED GRAVE YARD, WHICH
MANY BELIEVED WAS VISITED
BY SUPERNATURAL FORCES--

IN HIS SPACIOUS WORKSHOP
ON THE GROUND FLOOR, PRO-
FESSOR BAXTER AND HIS AS-
SISTANT, REX BARTON,
WORKED DAY AND NIGHT IN
AN EFFORT TO DEVELOP A
LONGEVITY SERUM, TO PRO-
LONG HUMAN LIFE----

HOW IS THIS
CULTURE RE-
ACTING, PRO-
FESSOR?

NO
GOOD, REX, IT'S
BEGINNING TO
SEPARATE!



ANOTHER FAILURE! THE ENTIRE MASS HAS CRYSTALLIZED! IF WE COULD ONLY GET THE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE TO SOLIDIFY, I'M SURE WE'D HAVE IT!

WELL, LET'S KNOCK OFF FOR NOW, PROFESSOR, WE'LL TRY AGAIN TOMORROW!

YES, PERHAPS TOMORROW WILL REVEAL THE ELUSIVE SECRET WE'RE SEEKING!

PROFESSOR! LOOK! — THAT FACE IN THE WINDOW!



WHAT? I DON'T SEE ANYTHING! THERE'S NOTHING OUT THERE!

BUT THERE WAS! I JUST CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF IT! IT WAS GHASTLY!



WHAT'S WRONG REX! I HEARD YOU SHOUTING ALL THE WAY IN THE LIVING ROOM!



OH, GRETTA!



I THOUGHT I SAW SOMEONE, OR SOMETHING GLANCING IN THE WINDOW, BUT I MAY HAVE JUST IMAGINED IT!

CERTAINLY YOU IMAGINED IT, REX! THIS WEIRD MORASS HAS PROBABLY WORKED ON YOUR NERVES, AS IT HAS ALL OF US!

PERHAPS SO, PROFESSOR!

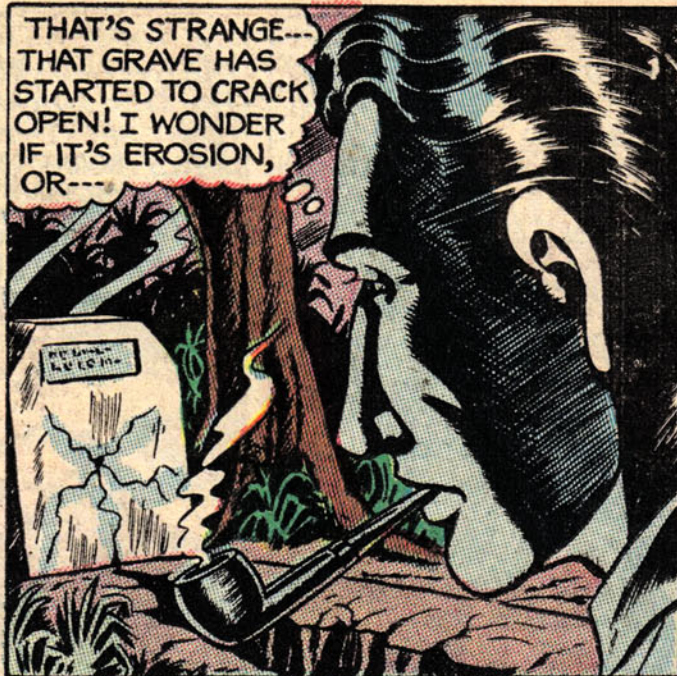


ONCE AGAIN, AS WAS HIS NOCTURNAL CUSTOM, REX REMOVED THE POTENT, BUT INADEQUATE CULTURE, AND EMPTIED IT AMONG THE WEEDS OF THE GRAVEYARD.

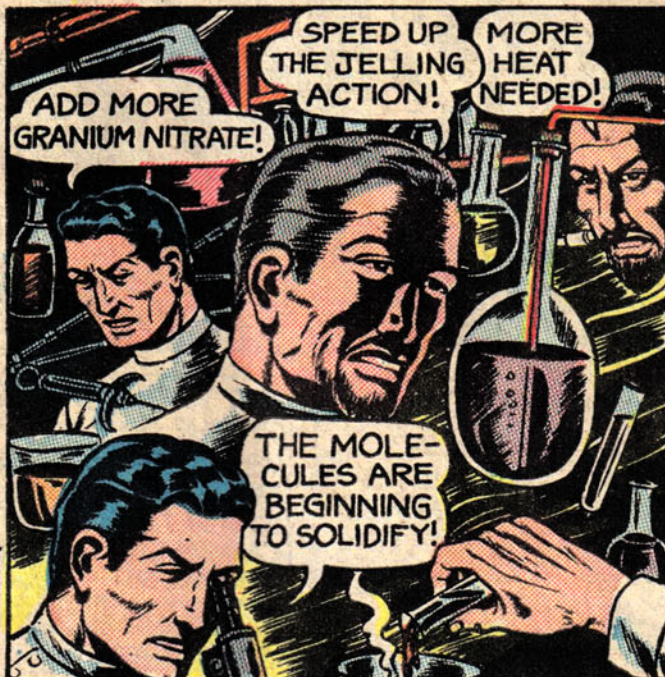
THERE GOES ANOTHER HARD DAY'S WORK!



THAT'S STRANGE... THAT GRAVE HAS STARTED TO CRACK OPEN! I WONDER IF IT'S EROSION, OR---



THE YOUNG SCIENTIST DISMISSED THE INCIDENT FROM HIS MIND, AND IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, HE AND PROFESSOR BAXTER CONTINUED THEIR WORK WITH A RENEWED VIGOR...



ADD MORE GRANIUM NITRATE!

SPEED UP THE TELLING ACTION!

MORE HEAT NEEDED!

THE MOLECULES ARE BEGINNING TO SOLIDIFY!

FINALLY, WEEKS LATER... THIS IS IT, REX! THE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE HAS LOCKED INTO A SOLID MASS!! WE'VE FOUND IT! OUR LONGEVITY SERUM IS PERFECTED!



SUDDENLY, THE AIR WAS RENT BY A HORRIBLE MOANING SOUND.

OOOOOAH

GOOD LORD! WHAT WAS THAT?

IT CAME FROM OUTSIDE, IN THE GRAVEYARD!



SUDDENLY, GRETTA BURST INTO THE LABORATORY...

FATHER, WHAT WAS THAT HORRIBLE NOISE? DON'T BE ALARMED, DEAR, I'M SURE THERE'S A LOGICAL EXPLANATION FOR IT!



COME BACK, REX! DON'T GO OUT THERE! THERE'S SOMETHING FIENDISH IN THAT GRAVEYARD, AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!



IT WOULD BE FOOLHARDY TO GO OUT THERE NOW, REX, IT'S AS BLACK AS PITCH! WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW, AND WE'LL INVESTIGATE TOGETHER!

WELL, PERHAPS IT WOULD BE BEST TO WAIT!



THE THREE RETIRED FOR THE EVENING, BUT DURING THE SMALL HOURS OF THE NIGHT, GRETTA WAS SUDDENLY AWAKENED BY THE AWFUL MOANS ----

IT'S STARTED AGAIN! COMING FROM THE CEMETERY!



OOOOAH

I CAN SEE IT! FATHER! REX! A HUGE, CON- COME QUICKLY! TORTURED CREATURE!



IN RESPONSE TO THE GIRL'S SCREAMS, THE TWO MEN RAN INTO HER ROOM, AND WHEN REX GLANCED OUT THE WINDOW---

IT'S GONE NOW BUT I'M CONVINCED WHAT EVER IT WAS, IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE SAME CREATURE I SPOTTED THROUGH THE WINDOW SEVERAL WEEKS AGO!

IT'LL BE DAWN SOON. PERHAPS WE'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS THEN!



CAME THE DAWN, AND THE TWO MEN STEPPED FORTH TO INVESTIGATE--

SAY, WHAT'S HAPPEND TO THAT GRAVE?

THAT'S WHAT I'M WONDERING! A FEW WEEKS AGO I NOTICED THAT THIS GRAVE WAS SPLITTING, NOW IT'S COMPLETELY CRACKED OPEN!



THE TERRIBLE IMPLICATIONS OF THE DISCOVERY WEIGHED UPON THEIR MINDS, SUGGESTING HORRIBLE CONSEQUENCES, WHICH THEY TRIED UNSUCCESSFULLY TO SUPPRESS--

WHO EVER WAS BURIED THERE, IS NOW LIBERATED!



IT'S SOMETHING FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE!

LOGIC TELLS ME SUCH THINGS ARE IMPOSSIBLE, BUT HOW CAN I DOUBT?



THE TERRIBLE MOANING PHENOMENON CONTINUED TO TORMENT THEM UNTIL FINALLY, REX COULD RESTRAIN HIMSELF NO LONGER---

I'M GOING TO SETTLE THIS THING ONCE AND FOR ALL, RIGHT NO, REX, DON'T GO OUT THERE! NOW!



THERE WAS A SOUND OF A STRUGGLE, AND THEN--

NO! NO! STAY AWAY--AAAGH!

LISTEN, FATHER! IT'S GOT REX! NO! HE'S ON THE PORCH! HE'S COMING IN!



SUDDENLY, THE DOOR BURST OPEN, AND REX COLLAPSED, INERT UP-ON THE FLOOR, MUTTERING INCOHERENTLY.

WE'VE GOT TO KILL IT! I CAN'T STAND IT, FATHER! I'M GOING OUT THERE BEFORE IT COMES IN AFTER US! GET THE LONGEVITY SERUM-- IT'S THE ONLY THING THAT CAN DESTROY HIM!



THE DISTRAUGHT GIRL REMOVED HER FATHER'S PISTOL FROM A DRAWER, AND RAN FROM THE HOUSE--

GRETTA, NO! I WON'T WAIT! I'LL COME BACK! KILL IT! KILL IT!



BUT WHEN SHE CAME FACE TO FACE WITH THE HORRIBLE THING IN THE FENS, HER RESOLUTION WAS TURNED INTO STARK TERROR--

SO, GOOD LORD, YOU WILL BE NEXT TO FEEL MY WRATH! NO! EEEK!



LET HER GO, YOU FIEND! YOU ALL MUST DIE! BUT YOU SHALL BE FIRST, PROFESSOR! IT WAS YOUR ACCURSED ELIXIRS DRENCHING MY GRAVE CONTINUALLY WHICH RESURRECTED



THIS WRETCHED BODY FROM THE SOD!

HELP ME, FATHER!

BAXTER RETRIEVED THE FALLEN PISTOL AND FIRED AS THE HORRIBLY EMACIATED THING ADVANCED TOWARD HIM--



FOOL! YOU CAN NOT KILL A CORPSE! IT IS USELESS TO TRY!

THE BULLETS DON'T STOP HIM!

BLAM! BLAM!

AS THE TERRIFYING CREATURE GRASPED THE OLD CHEMIST, REX ARRIVED UPON THE SCENE.

NO! DON'T! I GAVE YOU LIFE! DON'T DO THIS TO ME!

LIFE!--DO YOU CALL THIS LIFE? CAN A MAN LIVE WITH OUT A SOUL? MY SPIRIT DEPARTED WHEN I DIED, BUT YOU HAVE KEPT THE REST OF ME IN A STATE OF **LIVING DEATH!**



WITHOUT PAUSING, THE YOUNG SCIENTIST FLUNG THE VIAL OF LONGEVITY SERUM INTO THE CREATURE'S FACE--

TAKE IT, YOU THING OF DARKNESS!



AS THE POTENT LIQUID SANK INTO THAT DECAYED FLESH, AN INCREDIBLE CHANGE TOOK PLACE; A METAMORPHOSIS THE LIKES OF WHICH NO MORTAL HAD EVER SEEN!



WHAT IS THIS HAPPENING TO ME----?

I'M A YOUNG MAN AGAIN--

NO, A YOUTH!

HELP ME!

WHA!

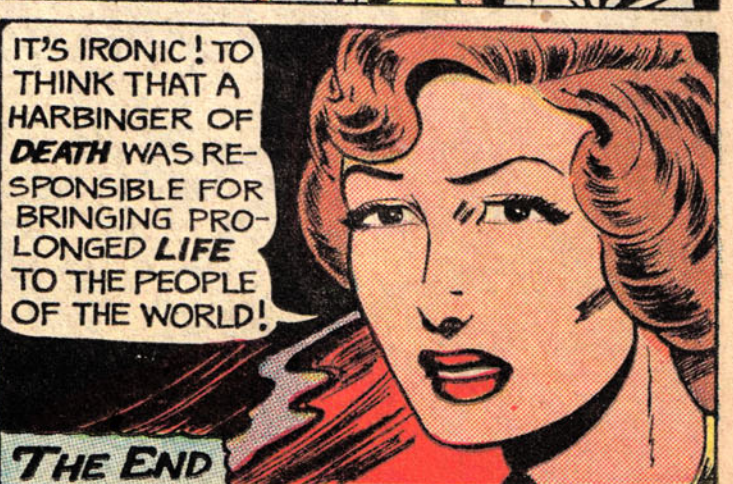
DID YOU SEE THAT, PROFESSOR? HE TURNED INTO AN EMBRYO, AND THEN VANISHED!

THE ENTIRE PATTERN OF LIFE, ENACTED BEFORE OUR VERY EYES, IN REVERSE!



THIS MEANS WE WERE ON THE WRONG TRAIL, REX! THE SERUM WE DEVELOPED, OVERACTIVATED THE GLANDULAR FUNCTIONS IN THE BODY AND HAD DIGRESSIVE EFFECTS!

THEN ALL WE HAVE TO DO, IS REVERSE THE FORMULA, AND WE'LL HAVE IT!



THE END

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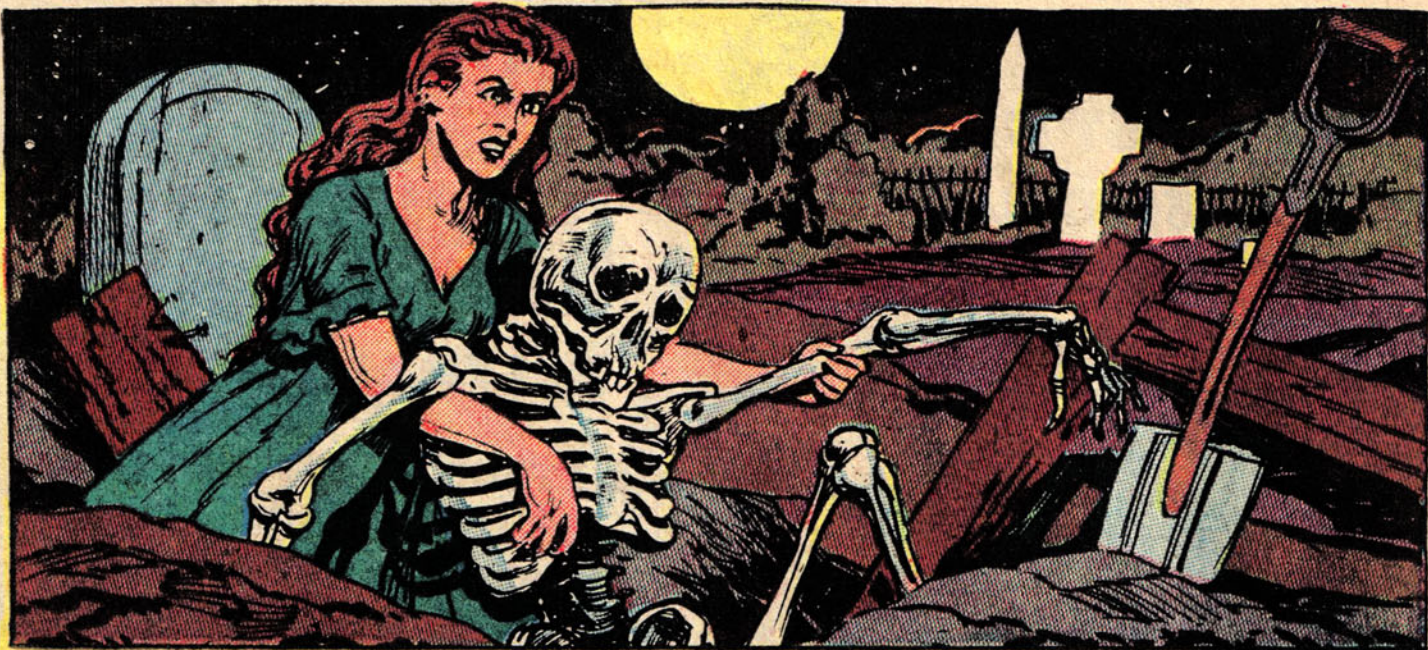
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OUT OF THE GRAVE...



THE macabre practice of robbing tombs, not for the purpose of despoiling the dead of their gold or jewels, but with the intent of dragging the mouldering corpses from their cold, clammy resting places has given civilized society cause for concern from earliest times. Man's feeble grasp for immortality has always spurred him to erect safe, secure resting places for his earthly remains. The lowly peasant covered the bones of his loved ones with a stone slab while the noble and wealthy erected vast mausoleums wherein huge blocks of granite and secret passages were supposed to protect for all time the cadavers that reposed therein.

What makes a living being disturb the sleep of the dead? Many abnormal, crooked minds have turned to this sinister activity and to this day we do not know what induces this horrible affinity for the dry corpses of departed persons.

Probably one of the strangest cases occurred in Europe some years ago when it was the known practice of medical students to disinter dead bodies for the purpose of study. But this time, they were not guilty.

When the outraged relatives of dead

persons whose graves had been desecrated stormed the police station at Thusis, Switzerland and revealed to the astonished authorities that eleven corpses were missing from the age-old graveyard, it started a fierce battle between medicine and the law. "Naturally," the police declared, "the bodies could have been stolen only by medical students." They declared their intentions of dealing severely with the first medical student caught, despite vigorous protestations from the school faculty.

For almost a month the feud continued and there wasn't a young medical student who didn't believe he was constantly being watched. In the graveyard, police doubled their watches and set all manner of traps for the ghoul, but it was not until three months had passed that they received the surprise of their lives.

There was a full moon that night and it was one of those nights when the air is warm and fragrant, just the kind of night to induce somnolence. Consequently, when a guard in his assigned portion of the graveyard saw a fragile, willowy young girl making her way among the graves, a wicker basket in her hand, he stared in stupefaction. Was he dream-

ing? Was he seeing a GHOST? He could not be sure, so, taking a tighter grip on his gun, he drew back into the shadows of a protecting tree while he studied the situation.

The guard held his breath and watched intently as the nocturnal visitor drew a short-handled spade from the wicker basket. With a burst of fury, she attacked the grave, the metal face of her spade ringing as it struck pebbles and small stones. Cautiously, the guard moved toward the apparition, carefully and silently picking his steps through the dew-damp grass. Fearing to take a shot lest his bullet injure the fragile figure, he crept closer and closer to the digging girl, who did not seem aware of his presence. Finally, he made a jump and grabbed her.

"Flesh and blood!" he muttered. "She's real. She's . . ." He stared. Why, he knew this girl! She was a local girl, named Marta Muulsberg.

Suddenly, the girl screamed in terror. "Where am I?" she cried out. The scream brought the other guards on the run. They gathered around and soon agreed on a solution that cleared up the mystery. "Sleepwalking," they said.

But that was not all. When the girl was brought to the police station, the chief remembered her only too well. Three times she had come to the authorities, claiming guilt for the robbing of the graves. She had told them that when she had awakened in the morning, she had found bones in her room. The officials had laughed, claiming that she must have raided her own ice-box. They didn't laugh now. A trip to Marta's home disclosed the eleven missing corpses and each time, the astonished authorities discovered, the bodies had been disinterred and transported to the girl's home on nights when the moon was full.

Science itself stepped forward in Mar-

ta's behalf, the day following her arrest, with an explanation based on long research which proved that sleepwalkers, unlike dreamers, just do not remember anything about their acts. Perhaps the embarrassment of their position—having had a confessed ghoul in their grasp and only laughed at her—may have had something to do with the authorities' leniency in exonerating the girl. At any rate, the depredations stopped and Marta returned to her normal routine of life, for otherwise, she had a perfectly clean record and was well liked in the village. Nevertheless, on nights when the moon was full and the branches of the willows in the graveyard sighed in the breeze as if to give voice to the slumbering dead below, keen eyes kept guard on Marta's house to see that she did not yield again to her impelling rendezvous with the decaying remains of the long-dead in their dank chambers of eternity.

Marta's actions, scientists stated, were spurred on by some deepseated mental or emotional disorder which she always threw off when awake, going about her daily chores completely unaware that she had been guilty of any abnormal behavior the night before. But what was at the base of this foul urge? What made this otherwise dainty young girl rise from her cot in the dead of night and make her way like a furtive thing to the gloomy shadows of the local cemetery, there to unearth the putrifying corpses from their graves and carry the grisly burden on her frail shoulders back to the warmth of her own home? Could it be that some of us cannot suppress the remembrance of another world whence we came and seek to commune with it by means of close contact with those who have gone back to it? Psychiatrists have not come up with the solution yet and it remains one of the most startling puzzles of human behavior.

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THE SINISTER DARKNESS OF MANY FORESTS OF MIDDLE EUROPE HAVE HAD THE REPUTATION FOR CENTURIES OF BEING THE HAUNT OF WITCHES AND OTHER CREATURES IN LEAGUE WITH THE DEVIL. ONE SUCH PLACE WAS A TANGLE OF WOODS IN BOHEMIA. THE NEIGHBORING VILLAGERS TOLD FEARSOME TALES OF THE MAGIC OF THE **WITCH OF GRUNEWALD**, AND AVOIDED THE LEAFY GLADES AFTER DARK. TWO YOUNG MEN, HOWEVER, BRAVED THE OLD FOLKS' WARNING AND RASHLY SET OUT ON A HUNTING TRIP THAT WAS TO BRING UPON THEIR RECKLESS HEADS...

The **SPELL OF DOOM!**



WE ARE IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE DREADFUL WITCH!
WE ARE LOST--LOST!!

CARL AND HIS FRIEND **JAN**, AFTER HUNTING RABBITS ALL MORNING, PAUSE FOR A MIDDAY REST...

IT'S A POOR DAY. ALL THESE HOURS OF STALKING AND NOT A SINGLE RABBIT IN OUR BAG.

TELL YOU WHAT WE DO -- THE PATH FORKS HERE AND COMES TOGETHER AGAIN ABOUT THREE KILOMETERS BEYOND THAT HILL. YOU GO ONE WAY. I'LL TAKE THE OTHER. THEN WE'LL MEET AND HEAD HOME.



AFTER THE FRIENDS PART, **CARL** LOSES THE TRAIL, STUMBLING DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE UNDERBRUSH...

WHERE IS THAT PATH? I'M LOST!
WHERE IS JAN--?



HALLOO!
HALLOO!!

BUT ONLY SILENCE ANSWERS HIS CALL...

OH! I AM WEARY! I MUSTN'T GET ANY DEEPER INTO THIS FOREST. IT IS THE HAUNT OF THE DREAD WITCH OF GRUNEWALD!



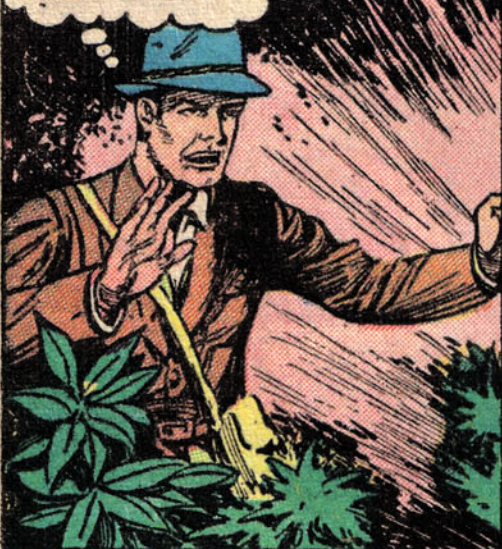
AS THE EVENING SHADOWS CLOSE IN UPON THE LOST HUNTER, A FANTASTIC MYRIAD OF TINY LIGHTS BEGIN TO ILLUMINE THE WOODS ALL AROUND HIM...

GLOWWORMS! I'VE NEVER BEFORE SEEN SO MANY OF THEM!



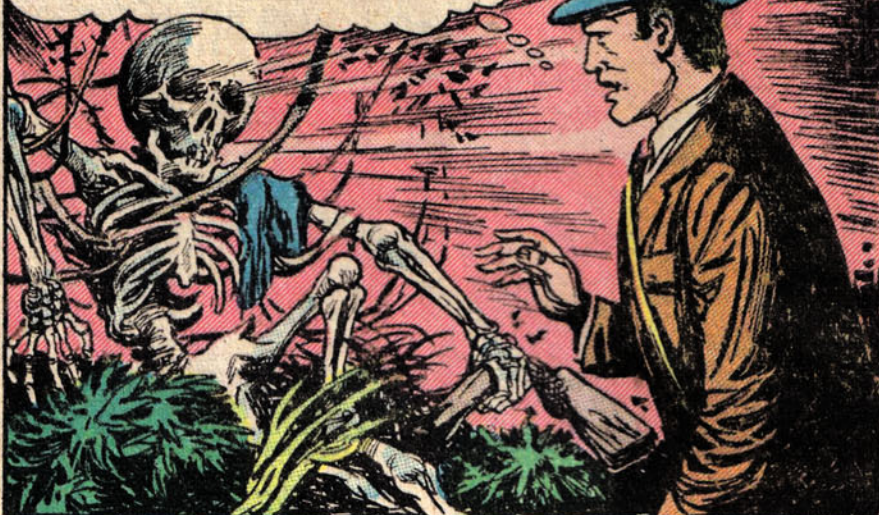
CARL BLUNDERS AHEAD AND A LARGER GLOW LEADS HIM ON...

THAT LIGHT - WHAT CAN IT BE?



WHEN HE REACHES THE SPOT, HE IS APPALLED...

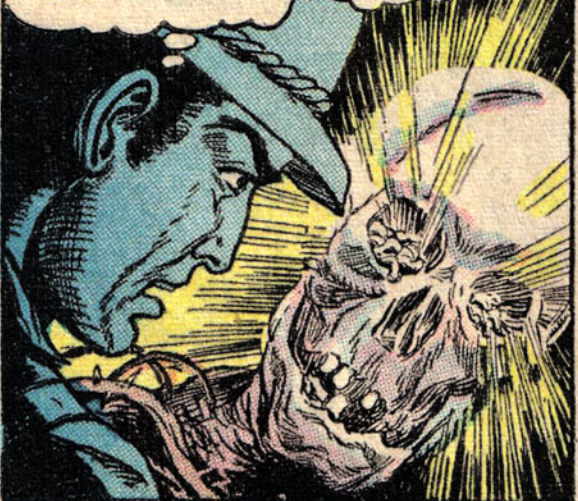
A SKELETON! A HUNTER, TOO - THERE'S HIS GUN. HE WAS CAUGHT FAST IN THE BRAMBLES. THIS IS THE WITCH'S WORK!



LOOKING CLOSER, CARL SEES THE REASON FOR THE STRANGE LIGHT...

HIS SKULL IS A NEST OF GLOWWORMS - MILLIONS OF THEM!

UGG-HH!!



HE HASTILY RETREATS...

THIS PLACE IS CURSED! I MUST GET OUT OF HERE!

JAN! JAN!



LATER, COMPLETELY LOST IN THE BRUSH, HE FALLS EXHAUSTED TO THE GROUND AND SLEEPS...



SUDDENLY, CARL AWAKES AND FINDS HIMSELF SURROUNDED...

THOSE CATS - WHERE DID THEY ALL COME FROM? THE WITCH! WITCHES ALWAYS HAVE CATS--!



GET AWAY, YOU DEMONS!



THE FURRY CREATURES SPIT AND CLAW THE TIRED MAN SO VICIOUSLY THAT HE FALLS INTO A MERCIFUL FAINT...



WHEN DAWN BREAKS, A GENTLE HAND LIGHTLY TOUCHES THE FALLEN HUNTER...



...AND HIS BEWILDERED EYES BEHOLD THE SWEET, COMPASSIONATE FACE OF A YOUNG, BLONDE GIRL...

YOU - YOU POOR MAN! YOU ARE HURT. LET ME HELP YOU.

YOU MUST BE AN ANGEL!



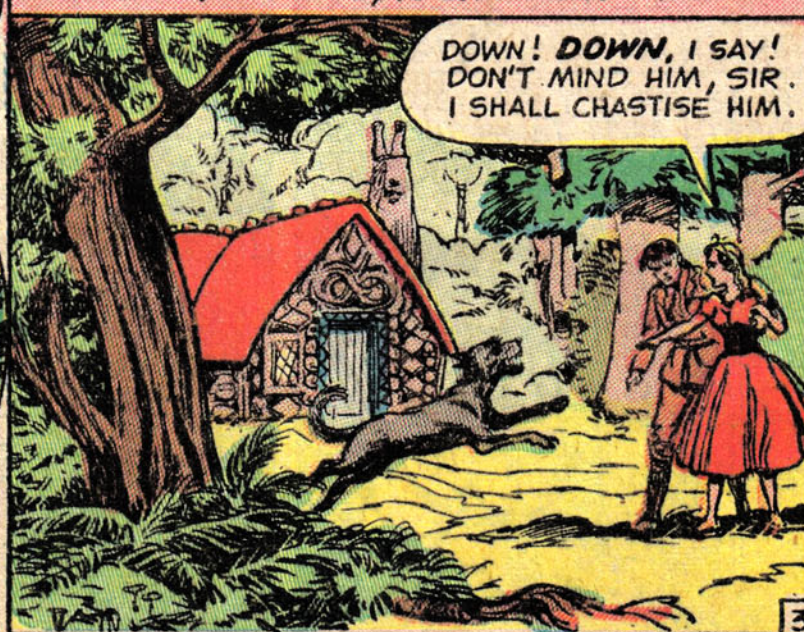
NO, I AM JUST A GIRL. MY NAME IS **ESTA** AND I LIVE IN A COTTAGE NOT FAR FROM HERE, COME - LET ME ASSIST YOU.

YOU ARE VERY, VERY KIND.



AS THEY APPROACH THE HUMBLE COTTAGE, A DOG SPRINGS UP, GROWLING, TO BAR THEIR WAY...

DOWN! **DOWN**, I SAY! DON'T MIND HIM, SIR. I SHALL CHASTISE HIM.



I'LL TEACH HIM
A LESSON.

DON'T PUNISH THE
BEAST. HE DIDN'T
KNOW ME.



BUT THE GIRL WHIPS THE CRINGING DOG AWAY...

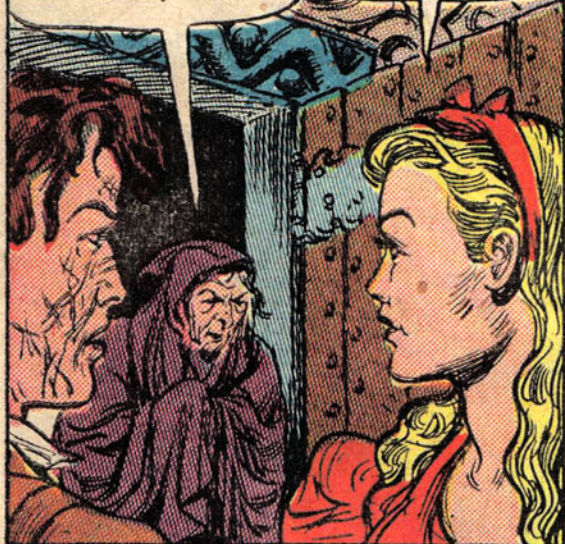
I ALWAYS TREAT DOGS STERNLY.
IT IS THE ONLY WAY TO MAKE
THEM OBEY ME.



A CRONE APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY...

BRING THE POOR
GENTLEMAN RIGHT
IN HERE, ESTA.

YES,
GRANDMOTHER.



**AFTER A REST, CARL IS
SERVED A TASTY, HOT MEAL...**

THIS IS WONDERFUL. I FEEL
LIKE A NEW MAN AGAIN.

OH, I'M
SO GLAD.



WE ARE
SO HAPPY
TO BE
ABLE TO
HELP YOU,
SIR.

THIS GIRL
IS LOVELY-
CHARMING-
AND SO
UNSPOILED.
I THINK I
COULD FALL
IN LOVE
WITH HER.



**AFTER DINNER, CARL SITS FOR
A WHILE, SMOKING HIS PIPE,
THEN HE THINKS OF RETURN-
ING TO HIS OWN HOME...**

I'D BETTER GET STARTED. BUT
FIRST I MUST THANK THEM FOR
THEIR WONDERFUL HOSPITALITY.
THEY'RE PROBABLY IN THAT
ROOM--



**BUT WHEN HE SWINGS OPEN THE DOOR, CARL'S
HEART SINKS ANEW IN FEAR AND FOREBODING...**

**THOSE CATS! THEY'RE THE
ONES THAT ATTACKED ME IN
THE FOREST LAST NIGHT!**



CATS ALWAYS SURROUND WITCHES! THAT OLD WOMAN - SHE'S THE WITCH - THE WITCH OF GRUNEWALD!



CARL HASTILY LEAVES THE COTTAGE...



I MUST QUIT THIS PLACE IF I VALUE MY SOUL. OH, IF I ONLY HAD MY GUN!

TO CARL'S AMAZEMENT, THE DOG, FORMERLY HOSTILE, TROTS UP WITH A RIFLE IN HIS MOUTH...

SAY - WHAT'S THIS?



MY GUN! THE DOG MUST HAVE FOUND IT IN THE FOREST--



BUT A SECOND LOOK PUZZLES HIM...

THIS ISN'T MY GUN! IT BEARS THE INITIALS J.H. THIS IS MY FRIEND JAN'S. HE MUST BE NEAR HERE SOMEWHERE--



THEN THE LOVELY BLONDE GIRL APPROACHES AND CARL'S THOUGHTS OF DANGER ARE OVERCOME BY THE NEARNESS OF HER BEAUTY...

ARE YOU LEAVING, SIR?

ESTA! THIS IS AN EVIL PLACE! THAT OLD WOMAN MAY BE YOUR GRAND-MOTHER BUT SHE IS A WITCH AND NO GOOD CAN COME TO YOU HERE. FLEE WITH ME - BE MY BRIDE - AND WE WILL BE HAPPY TOGETHER.



OH, YES-YES, MY BELOVED. WE WILL BE TOGETHER FOREVER, I PROMISE YOU. BUT YOU ARE ALSO THINKING OF YOUR FRIEND JAN. COME WITH ME IF YOU WANT TO LOOK UPON HIS FACE AGAIN.

YES! WHERE IS HE?



ESTA LEADS CARL TO A PLACID WOODLAND POOL...

IN ANCIENT TIMES, THIS WAS CALLED THE "POOL OF OUR FUTURE BEING". THE WATERS REFLECT WHAT THE YEARS AHEAD PORTEND. IF YOU WANT TO SEE YOUR FRIEND JAN, LOOK INTO IT.



SOUNDS LIKE SUPERSTITION, BUT I'LL HAVE A LOOK -

WHAT'S THAT? -- THE FACE OF A DOG!



YES, YOUR FRIEND JAN IS THE DOG THAT TRIED TO PREVENT YOUR ENTERING OUR COTTAGE. HE WILL NOW BE A DOG ALWAYS.

THIS IS HORRIBLE! THAT WITCH--!



NOW LOOK DOWN AT YOUR PAWS AND YOU'LL SEE THAT YOU'RE A DOG TOO. WE WILL BE TOGETHER FOREVER, AS I PROMISED YOU.

YELP!
YELP!



THE OTHER DOG, NERVOUSLY SKIRTING AROUND, GROWLS AND ESTA DRAWS A WHIP...

BACK TO THE HOUSE, BOTH OF YOU!



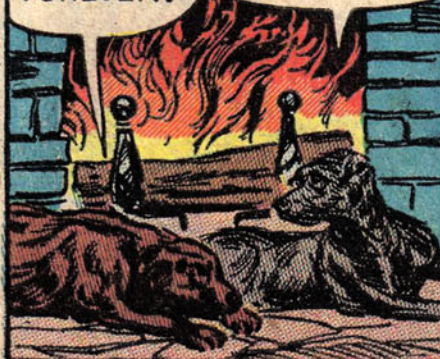
THAT NIGHT, GROVELING IN THE ASHES NEAR THE FIRE...

GRR-R-

GRR-RR-

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO US, JAN? WE ARE DOOMED FOREVER!

I TRIED TO WARN YOU TWICE, BUT YOU DID NOT UNDERSTAND.



GRR-RR- GRR-RR--

YOU MUST HAVE GOTTEN LOST, TOO, AND INTO THE EVIL CLUTCHES OF THAT OLD WOMAN--

NO, CARL, NO. THE OLD WOMAN IS JUST A POOR HARMLESS CREATURE.

ESTA IS THE WITCH OF GRUNEWALD!



MEDICAL TABLET DISCOVERY!

SAFE, NEW,
EASY WAY!



STOPS "BED WETTING"

Without Electrical Devices...
Rubber Sheets... Alarms...

Ends Shame, Discomfort, Inconvenience
Almost Miraculously!

SIMPLE SAFE TABLET DOES IT

DRY-TABS is the same safe medical discovery that is prescribed by many doctors. Now, it is available for the first time without prescription to all the victims of BED-WETTING who long to rid themselves of this distressing habit once and for all. DRY-TABS is safe, not habit forming, contains no harmful drugs—Follow simple directions.

"DRY-TAB THERAPY" Eventually Allows BED-WETTING Victims to Function Normally Without Further Medication

DRY-TABS, in most cases, does not offer merely temporary stopping of BED-WETTING. In case after case, as revealed in clinical tests conducted in hospitals by medical scientists, the DRY-TABS formula proved itself to be a tablet that gives direct support to the patient in controlling his BED-WETTING. The benefits of the DRY-TABS formula may be expected to be effective beyond the period when it is taken regularly. It helps the BED-WETTING victim to retrain, tends to increase strength of sphincter and detrusor muscles controlling urination. Many cases have discontinued the use of DRY-TABS after a short time and found they were functioning normally. So BED-WETTING victims do not have to be slaves to any kind of medication if their case is of the type that responds to the re-training power of DRY-TABS. This is probably one of the greatest advancements ever made in BED-WETTING therapy. Yes, once DRY-TABS stops BED-WETTING, its use may no longer be required, normal functioning and control may be developed almost miraculously. So don't hesitate a minute longer. Order DRY-TABS Today!

DRY-TABS Amazing Formula Effective in 75% of Cases



CASE NO. 1. Healthy, intelligent boy, 9 years old. BED-WETTING since infancy. Child could not break habit. All other medication failed. DRY-TABS formula taken for two three-week periods. Child has remained well for the past three years.

CASE NO. 2. Normal boy, history of BED-WETTING since infancy. Child had no organic defect. Various cures failed. Put on DRY-TABS formula regime. After a month, habit suddenly stopped.



CASE NO. 3. Male, aged 23 years. BED-WETTING since birth. Many forms of treatment failed. Unable to accept invitation to sleep out over-night. Recently married, and embarrassed by habit. After formula taken, wet bed the first two nights but never since that time.

CASE NO. 4. Girl, aged 6 years. Wet bed since infancy. Nervous, irritable. DRY-TABS formula administered for regular period. BED-WETTING stopped almost immediately. Slight relapse. Formula administered again. Child responded immediately once more, and history reveals no further relapse.



CASE NO. 5. Man, 42 years old, wet "heavily." Medication started. Wet during second week and continued to wet when medication was withdrawn for following week. Restarted after rest period, and after five-day treatment seemed to retain control of bladder function.

CASE NO. 6. Woman, 76 years old. DRY-TABS formula administered for 6 days. Improvement, upon withdrawal of medication, improvement remained. Continued gradual return of control. One year without formula and control is adequate.



WHY endure the needless shame, embarrassment, humiliation... the discomfort and distress of this unfortunate habit? Why put up with the daily nuisance of changing and washing bed linen and clothes? Why suffer the mortification of foul smelling bedrooms... the expense of ruined furniture... the danger of catching cold and infectious rashes?

Doctors agree that BED-WETTING can cause nervousness, stuttering and emotional disturbances in children, very often seriously affecting their future and character, making them "psychological cripples."

But now the disgrace and danger of BED-WETTING can very easily be a thing of the past with amazing new DRY-TABS. At last, medical science has discovered a safe, new, easy way to stop BED-WETTING without electrical devices... without rubber sheets, alarms or special diets and without interrupting needed sleep. DRY-TABS, in easy-to-take tablet form, does away with BED-WETTING as painlessly, easily and simply as swallowing an aspirin. Yes, almost miraculously, amazing, safe DRY-TABS, used as directed, help stop functional BED-WETTING... relieve tension and strain, often the underlying cause in most cases of this unfortunate habit. Now, for the first time, safe DRY-TABS can be obtained without prescription.

DEVELOPED AFTER YEARS OF EXTENSIVE HOSPITAL AND CLINICAL RESEARCH AS REVEALED IN MEDICAL LITERATURE

The discoveries of science, many times, are brought about by indirect means. Take the case of the exclusive DRY-TABS formula. Medical practitioners chanced upon this formula while they were investigating a remedy for another illness. Noting the remarkable effect that this formula had upon BED-WETTING they concentrated their efforts on this new data and developed the formula to its present state of perfection. The result is the new DRY-TABS, a remarkable tablet that has brought new hope to thousands of tormented victims of BED-WETTING. Before this formula was released to the public, it was tested in clinics and hospitals by medical scientists on controlled groups of patients. The DRY-TABS formula is the result of thorough medical research, the same kind of research and care that is given to any product that is to be placed in the hands of the public. Chalk up BED-WETTING as one more ailment that has been conquered by the men of science. Think of it, no expensive electrical devices, cumbersome rubber sheets, special diets or mechanical alarms. Just a wonderful new tablet... DRY-TABS... product of medical research... offering the hope of a new future for all these sufferers of BED-WETTING. Be sure to order DRY-TABS today!

ADULTS: START LIVING A NORMAL LIFE TONIGHT!

Scientific tests actually prove DRY-TABS to be 75% effective in stopping this unfortunate habit—even after years of torment! Ends the constant worry of overnight hotel stops and fear of public embarrassment while napping on trains and buses. Don't wait another day. If your loved ones suffer the humiliation, the disgrace, insecurity and helplessness only BED-WETTING can cause, order DRY-TABS NOW! Easy to take, can be dissolved in water if necessary. Just follow simple directions.

MAKE THIS HOME TEST: Here is your guarantee of satisfaction. Try DRY-TABS for the prescribed period. If you are not completely overjoyed with DRY-TABS' amazing ability to help stop BED-WETTING, your purchase price will be refunded. Accept this no-risk offer. Order DRY-TABS now!

SEND NO MONEY: Just name and address for generous 3-week supply. On arrival pay postman only \$3.00 per package plus C.O.D. charges on guarantee of complete satisfaction or money back.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

GARY PHARMACAL CO., Dept. 800-B
7508 Saginaw Avenue, Chicago 49, Illinois

Please send me 3-week supply of DRY-TABS on guarantee BED-WETTING must be stopped or money back.

- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$3.00 per package plus postage.
- ☐ Cash enclosed, we pay all postage.
- ☐ Send 2 packages (6-week supply) for \$5.50.

Name _____

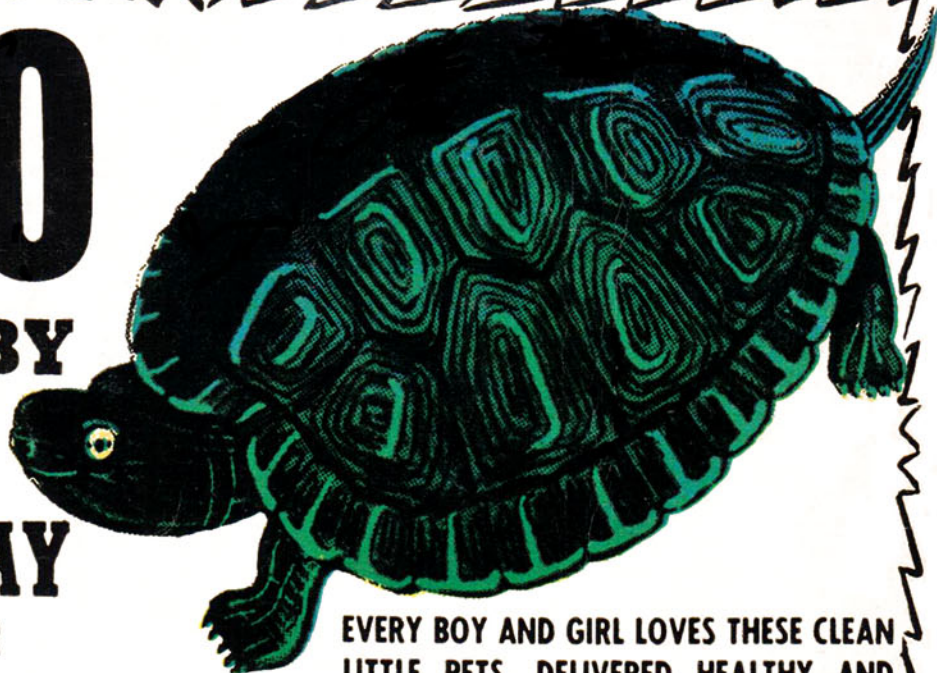
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LITTLE PETS. DELIVERED HEALTHY AND
SAFE IN A SPECIAL MOSS-PROTECTED
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Grows Real Grass
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A real growing Rock Garden — about 100 square inches of sweet grass and bright lovely flowers — for you to care for. When the flowers grow you can pluck a bouquet for your mother or friend. When the grass grows too high you will have to cut and trim it. And all the time you will have a beautiful garden you can be

proud of and show off to your friends. You'll learn many useful things, too — it will even help you understand many things they teach at school.

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You pay only \$1.69 for the rock garden and turtle . . . AND . . . you must be 100% delighted or money back. Only 3 orders to a customer with this special offer. Hurry Coupon!

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Rush my Rock Garden and live baby turtle at once. If I am not completely satisfied I may return the garden for prompt refund of the full purchase price, and I may keep the turtle ABSOLUTELY FREE. Price is \$1.69

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☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman, plus C.O.D. fee on delivery.

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